new masses

JULY 30, 1946
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R. Palme Dutt:
WHAT I SAW IN INDIA

LABOR STORM
A POEM
by Langston Hughes

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY?
by A. B. Magil

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just a minute

WE HOPE you've been reading the poetry that we've published lately; if you haven't, start today. We are proud of our poets. Their work has been on a consistently high level ever since they became aware that we intended to print them regularly, and not merely use them as most magazines do—to fill in a spot left vacant by the unexpected withdrawal of an eight-line book ad. As a matter of fact, the mail we've received praising the quality of our poetry leads us to think that this proud art has more *afficionados* among our readers than chess or pingpong.

So we're going to invite you to comment on and then participate in a little project we've thought up to while away the dog days and cloudless nights of summer. We'd like to get out for your pleasure a cheap but finely printed anthology of the very best in revolutionary poetry from Piers Plowman through William Blake right up to press time. Selections will be confined to poems in the English language, though an exception or two may be made in the case of translations whose quality is such that the resultant poem has the stature of an original creation.

We don't intend this to be a comprehensive collection. It will contain just fifty to a hundred poems. But these will be the very treasure of our revolutionary heritage, a way of saying to people: this is what we mean when we talk of our ideas and our hopes, of what is beautiful and valuable and worth fighting for.

If you like the idea, tell us, but even better, let's have the names of poems which you want particularly to see printed in such an anthology. The sooner we get them, the sooner you'll have the book. We promise you it will be a beauty.

SPEAKING of poetry, do you know: (1) Who was known as "the poet of American independence"? (2) Who wrote the following poems of social protest: (a) "The Cry of the Children," (b) "The Song of the Shirt," (c) "The Masque of Anarchy?" (3) What American and Spanish folk poets were executed by firing squads? (4) In what poem did Robert Browning identify four poets with the revolutionary tradition in England when he reproached Wordsworth for his abandonment of liberalism? You will find the answers to these questions, which come from *The New Masses Quiz Book* published in 1942, and now a collector's item, right at hand. Only, in order to enrage the printer we print them upside down.

(1) Philip Freneau. (2) (a) Elizabeth Barrett Browning; (b) Thomas Hood; (c) Percy Bysshe Shelley. (3) Joe Hill and Federico Garcia Lorca. Joe Hill, union organizer, was framed on a murder charge in Utah, and condemned to death in 1915, while Lorca was killed by Franco fascists in Granada at the outbreak of the civil war. (4) "The Lost Leader." The poets are Shakespeare, Milton, Burns and Shelley.

WE'RE pleased to announce a more than modest literary success. The first printing of Executive Editor A. B. Magil's pamphlet, "Socialism: What's in It for You,"—60,000 copies—is all sold out, and the presses are grinding out another 25,000 whose sale is practically assured.

And while we're announcing with pleasure—we've got some goods news from Art Editor Charlie Keller. He tells us that Jack Levine will illustrate Marc Blitzstein's *War Diary* which will begin in our August 13 issue (or do you read our back covers too?) An ex-GI himself, Levine is an outstanding painter whose work is represented in many collections and museums throughout the country.

WHAT do NM's editors read while on vacation? Right! A card from John Stuart tells us "Dear sirs, your magazine is wonderful eleven months each year, but is even more beautiful the twelfth—vacation!"

EDWARD BLYE, whose "A Farmer Comes to Town" appears in this issue, is a Kansas farmer, raising cattle, hogs, corn, wheat and other staples for the market. He has written a farm novel and is working on another book dealing with his farm experiences.

C. H.

new masses

established 1911

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Marantz.

INDIA: TRAVEL NOTES

British Communist leader meets Mohandas Gandhi, V. Patel and Ali Jinnah, attends political conventions and even a TIME and LIFE cocktail party.

By R. PALME DUTT

April 2.

THIS morning the All India Radio came to ask me to broadcast for ten minutes as "India's Guest of the Week," with the proviso that the talk should not be political. I swallowed the proviso with the most benign affability, well knowing that the official mind regards politics as a peculiar isolated compartment concerned with elections, parties and constitutions and has not yet realized that any intelligent conversation nowadays is political. Next, the Indian Institute of International Affairs, the counterpart here of Chatham House, arrived to invite me to lecture. Hard on their heels arrived the Indian Council of World Affairs, which is a parallel body based on the Indian national movement, with Nehru as one of its vice-presidents. In accordance with my strictly impartial position here I accepted all three invitations.

April 3.

IN NEW DELHI there is a Rural Uplift Exhibition in the grounds of the Viceroy's house. The organizers have worked with enthusiasm. There is a striking demonstration of the technical changes which could be made to improve Indian agriculture, of the new machines that could be used, how better seeds could multiply production, how land could be reclaimed, the improvement of farm buildings and housing and amenities and water supply. I asked what was being done to bring all this to the villages. The director said, "Alas, nothing! There is no money. This is only a model exhibition. We cannot even bring our exhibition to the villages."

In one section were shown samples of a model minimum balanced diet with the current prices. Seeing the model diet for an industrial worker, I asked the director how much it would cost an industrial worker with a wife and three children at present Delhi prices. He made the calculation and said Rs. 130/- a month. The top wage for a skilled textile worker in Delhi, including war allowances, would be Rs. 60/- a month, while the average level for an unskilled worker would be more like Rs. 30/- a month, and even as low as Rs. 20/- a month. A primary teacher gets Rs. 15/- a month or less than 5s. a week. Lest it be thought that these low money figures are counterbalanced by low prices, it is worth noting that the present price of milk in Delhi is 4d. a pint.

When I returned I opened my newspaper and found the following advertisement:

"For Sale
'INDIA HOUSE'
IDEAL FOR MAHARAJAS, RAJAS,
EUROPEANS, ZAMINDARS,
CINEMA STUDIOS AND BANKS

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"Don't get excited Cuthbert—I said 'wicket' not 'picket'!"

A palatial modern bungalow with a compound of about 30 grounds

FEATURES: Marble and patent stone flooring, artistic marble and teakwood staircase with rosewood railings; drawing-room, ballroom, bedrooms, dining-room and sitting-room, furnished with up-to-date furniture; real Persian and Bokhara carpets, marble statues and stands; ceiling fans and concealed lighting; frigidaire; hot and cold water to supply six bathrooms; pumps with three electric motors; a well-laid-out and illuminated garden; tennis court; water fountain with automatic changing colored lights. Offer above rupees FOUR LAKHS (£26,000) will be considered."

Meanwhile the wheat ration in Delhi has been reduced to one-half from April 8. This means a cut from twelve ounces a day to six ounces a day. And in Calcutta an official communication has been issued to allay alarm about deaths from hunger. The official statement denies the report that out of the twenty-three unidentified dead bodies picked up from Calcutta streets during the week ending March 30 five died of starvation. The official view is that only two of these died of starvation.

April 4.

THE early bird catches the worm. This also applies to meeting with Mr. Gandhi. He fixed his appointment with me according to his usual practice, at 6:30 this morning. However, I was not in luck. After we had begun our talk Congress president Maulana Azad arrived and we had to break off for another time. Insisting, with the usual gracious friendliness which endears Mr. Gandhi to all his visitors, that he was really most keen on continuing this talk, he promised that he would fix a further appointment at the very first available moment and added, "You may look into my eyes and see that I am sincere." He was as good as his word and within a few days we were able to have a very interesting talk for an hour.

Among other things, we were able to talk of the question of communism and the Congress and he expressed the friendliest good will with regard to my hope that the existing difficulties might be overcome. He told me that he had had talks with Indian Communist leaders and that he admired their devotion and ability, but that he felt an "impassable barrier" between himself and them. Puzzled at this, I enquired whether he felt any "impassable barrier" in speaking to me. He replied that he did not and that he felt full confidence in speaking to me. Probing the matter still further, I ventured to enquire what was this impassable barrier. He replied that it arose because the Communists believed in "secret force." On my asking for enlightenment on this, he explained that he understood that the Communists were in the habit of kidnapping and assassinating their political opponents. I endeavored to explain that Communists had conducted a very long and famous and on the whole successful campaign against those revolutionary sections which believed in the use of assassination as a political weapon and had indeed succeeded in converting many of the former terrorists in a number of countries, including India, to Marxism. Mr. Gandhi replied that this was Stalin's method of dealing with his opponents. I endeavored to explain that there seemed here to be some confusion with a very different question, namely, the action of a state; that every state has its criminal code and deals with offenders according to that code and that the Congress state would do the same: "No doubt," said Mr. Gandhi, "but the Congress state will not be my state."

From the above, and many other talks with Indian leaders, it is clear that some of the simpler misconceptions about communism, which were growing a trifle crude for the Primrose League twenty years ago and recall the high old days of Bolo, and the man with the bomb, are still widely prevalent in this country, where political cast-offs from other lands sometimes tend to silt up as in a back-water. Apart from Nehru, very few of the Congress leaders have at any time had much contact with international affairs; and even Nehru has to a considerable extent lost touch. As he confessed to me in the first talk I had with him, he had not read any newspapers for three months and had not followed international happenings.

One of the difficulties of the situation here, that has been strongly borne in upon me in the course of talks with all kinds of representatives, is that the enforced isolation of India during six years of war has very greatly weakened contact with the general advance of the world democratic movement. The absolute monopoly of all news of the outside world solely through London semi-official channels inevitably colors opinion here and has made anti-Soviet prejudice easy, since the other side of the case is never presented. Not a single Indian newspaper has a correspondent in Moscow or to my knowledge anywhere in Europe,

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apart from London. Indeed, at a conference I had with Indian pressmen the first question they asked me was how it could be possible to arrange to get a correspondent in Moscow since there were no diplomatic relations between India and the Soviet Union. There is a real hunger for information, but the absence of supply leads often to unconscious acceptance of what is really imperialist anti-Soviet propaganda.

This was comically illustrated when at the Moslem League Legislators' Convention Sir Firoz Khan Noon, a former government minister and a man of no high political repute, created a sensation by threatening that if the British did not give them Pakistan they would turn to Russia to get it. This naive acceptance of British imperialist propaganda of the Russian bogey as the big bad wolf waiting to stretch out its paw to India has been so dinned into the public consciousness that when an Indian politician wishes to be really naughty he threatens to turn to Russia; and every Indian major political organization tries to make this charge against its opponent. Nothing else also could explain the extraordinary passage in Nehru's new book, *The Discovery of India,* just published now in 1946 and being read at this moment on all sides, where he actually declares that all the Communist Parties, outside the Soviet Union have failed through losing touch with national sentiment and have consequently become weak and ineffective through their divorce from the nation. He showed keen interest when I endeavored to indicate to him a little of what has been happening in Europe during these recent years. There is no doubt that much work will have to be done in rebuilding contacts between India and the world democratic movement.

April 5.

TODAY I have been among the legislators of the Central Assembly. After observing the debate from the President's gallery, I had "tea on the terrace" (that is, in the inner courtyard of the Council Chamber) with the leader of the Congress Party, the Chief Whip and others, including Chaman Lal, singularly unchanged from Oxford days. It was a pleasant tea, but some of the minor practical disadvantages of the toga-like national costume which is today de rigueur for patriotic representatives was revealed when a waiter dropped the tea-service on the ground and soon after the cut feet of dignified legislators were having to be swathed in bandages.

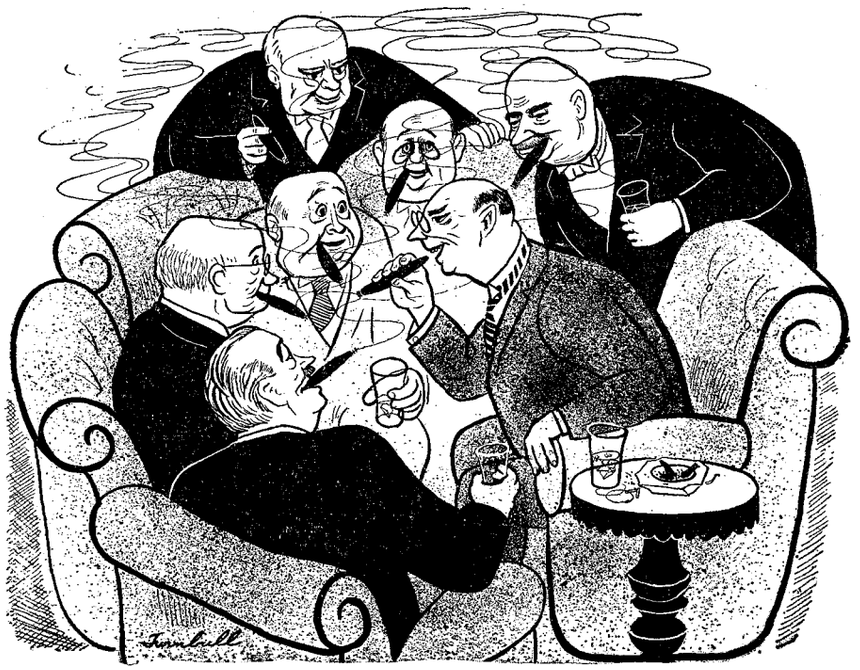
All parliaments tend to be the same, and the Central Legislative Assembly is no exception, with the passionate interpellations and the frigid or evasive replies of ministers, relieved by the customary bonhomie and light humor of the Minister of Information, Sir Akbar Hydari (also singularly unchanged from Oxford days and with a Swedish wife). The only superficial difference (apart from the complete and open absence of power of this assembly) is that the acoustics are a litle worse than usual, with the whirring of thirteen electric fans overhead, and that the European officials on the front bench speak more like borough councillors than ministers.

April 6.

A VISIT to Old Delhi affords a welcome relief from the horrors of New Delhi. Here in the center of the old town, by the mosque and the bazaar and where the Communist Party Office flies the Red Flag from the mast on their building overlooking the town square, is teeming life and all the colors of the East. In the crowded streets it is impossible not to notice the rarity of old people and the abundance of babies and children with their large sensitive eyes and beautiful faces, everyone of which an artist would love to paint. As I looked at them laughing and playing, there swam before my eyes the words of the standard official economist of imperial India, Dr. Anstey, "How can we stem this torrent of babies?" How, indeed, can we stem this torrent of criminal "economists" who, instead of doing their duty to show how to adapt social organization to the needs of human life, proclaim as the teaching of science to the world how to suppress human life in the interests of a vicious social system. From this outlook it is not such a far cry to Hitler's gas chambers and incinerators for the extermination of millions of human beings as the grand solution of the social problem.

April 7.

THE Moslem League Legislators' Convention opened today. There was some shouting of slogans from the younger spectators; but as one looked at these placid, comfortable legislators in the main body of the assembly it was difficult to see in them the stuff of as incipient civil war. Compared to an English or American political gathering at a moment of excitement, the atmosphere was tepid. Despite the somewhat exaggerated fiery speeches (the most fiery of them, that of Suhrawardy, the Prime Minister of Bengal, in moving the main resolution, had been, as the latter explained to me when I asked him for enlightenment on some of his more bloodthirsty passages, "Of course a little rhetorical")



"We're all in competition, and that brings prices down—get it?"

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this did not seem yet to have the smell of Ulster, 1914.

One minor feature about this convention, which might strike an outside spectator as odd, but which is, in fact, I believe, common to other political conventions here, including Congress, was the ostentatious display alongside the platform of the wealthier patrons who had paid high prices for their seats of honor. There they lolled with an air of fatuous self-complacency before the admiring audience in comfortable seats beside the platform, while over their heads was a conspicuous label marked Rs. 50/- (over £3). This plain designation of the fat stock with marked prices is an example of the engaging frankness of Indian politics which accompanies all the transparent duplicity and corruption. In English political organizations it is also not unknown for wealthy donors to be rewarded with conspicuous positions on the patform, but they do not carry the ticket of the price paid in their hats.

April 9.

A LONG talk with Vallabhbhai Patel, the famous "boss" of the Congress. There is no doubt that he is the strongest of the Congress leading team; he knows what he wants and how he proposes to get it; and it was refreshing to talk to him in contrast to the cloudy phrases and generalities which so often befog Indian politics. He is recognized by the Left as the most dangerous representative of the Right Wing and of big business interests and is frankly determined to crush all opposition which he may find in his way. The methods of the powerful machine he has built up, especially as shown in the recent elections, are by no means those of Gandhist purity or non-violence. At the same time his political judgment should not be underestimated and his devotion to the cause of the Congress and his closeness to Gandhi are unquestionable. It was characteristic that when we came to examine together some of the questions of communism and the Congress, while other Congress leaders had all dwelt entirely on the ancient controversy of 1942 or the question of Pakistan, he concentrated attention on what he obviously recognized as the decisive issue, the naval rising and the Bombay mass movement, to which he proclaimed his opposition. Nevertheless, he also expressed full friendliness to the desirability of reconciliation with the Communists and letting the past difficulties be buried; and I carried away the impression from this as from other talks that although in India there are undoubtedly difficulties and dangerous signs which may increase, the lines are not yet so absolutely rigid, nor is there yet the same venomous fanatical anti-Communist hatred as with the old type of European Social Democracy or the kind of Transport House representative who would not be able to mention the word communism even in a talk with a foreign visitor without getting a fit of apoplexy.

Marantz.

April 10.

TODAY I recorded my broadcast for the All India Radio. . . .

All India Radio is a spacious and modern equipped building which was completed in 1943—thus showing that official India did not allow itself to be unduly discomposed by the war against Japan ("Thank God, we didn't have to invade Japan" said a senior military officer to me on one occasion; "our part of it was being organized in India and the mess would have been unholy.") On being shown around I asked my guide how they grappled with the problem of the famous 220 languages of India. He smiled and showed me a list of their Indian transmission services. Ten languages covered, he said, over ninety percent of the population. These were Hindustani, Pushtu, Punjabi, Bengali, Assamese, Gujerati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu and Mayalalam. For a population of 400,000,000 this amounts to rather less than a similar number in Europe.

The same evening I received a shock. I had really imagined that the horrors of New Delhi struck everyone in the eye. At a cocktail party given by *Time* and *Life* and attended by a curiously mixed assembly, from Alexander and government ministers and high military officers to Nehru and Mrs. Naidu, as well as the common fry of journalists, I found myself in conversation with an elderly government official perspiring in a boiled shirt and mentioned to him that I had visited the A.I.R. that afternoon and noted the modern equipment of the building. He replied in melancholy tones, "But do not you think that that building is sadly out of keeping with the harmony of our architecture in New Delhi? After all, when we have achieved a really distinctive design of architecture in New Delhi it is such a pity that it should be marred by an unsuitable building." Thus the truth dawned on me that there really exist admirers of the gaudy white city architecture of New Delhi. Evidently it has been built to impress the Occidental mind.

April 12.

AN INTERESTING talk with Cripps, who spared me half an hour at the end of a full day (all the more full since he continues to handle Board of Trade matters from here). The interior of the Viceroy's House carries a curious musty air of Victorianism in the furniture and decoration, which is somehow expressive of the spirit of Anglo-Indian officialdom. The talk proved illuminating on many points with regard to the genesis of the Mission, its methods of working, his own judgment of the different political forces in India and the perspective for the future. Not all the judgments of the political situation in India or predictions of the future evolution of Congress and of Indian politics seemed to me entirely justified, but they threw much light for me on the current British official policy and the probable outcome of the negotiations.

April 13.

TONIGHT there took place in the center of Old Delhi a meeting called by the Nationalist Moslems (Congress supporters) and I was naturally interested to see the response. It was attended by 80,000, who sat cross-legged on vast pieces of matting arranged on the ground. The meeting began at 9 P.M. Towards midnight Nehru turned up and spoke. The principal speaker, a distinguished Moslim Urdu orator, whose classic purity of diction is said to hold audiences entranced irrespective of politics, spoke for six hours. The meeting broke up at 6 A.M. It is characteristic of the isolation of foreign journalists here that next morning, when I attended a customary little Sunday morning

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gathering of about a dozen foreign journalists, including the representative of The London *Times* (a rather embittered representative whose acid judgment is that "there are no democrats in India"), the New York *Times*, the B.B.C., *Daily Herald*, *News-Chronicle*, etc., I found that none of them was aware of this meeting having taken place and in view of their unquestioning acceptance of the official thesis of Moslem support of the League as 100 percent, were considerably surprised to hear of the size of the meeting and its peaceful character.

It should be added that next evening the Moslem League held a meeting which was attended by 120,000. Probably the major portion of both audiences were the same. But both meetings went off in a perfectly peaceable manner. The atmosphere of incipient civil war is perhaps not quite as tense as some interested propaganda, which dwells on stories of the reported wholesale buying of knives and sticks in New Delhi seeks to insist; though undoubtedly an unfavorable future development may lead to grave results.

April 14.

A THREE hours' talk with Mr. Jinnah. Next day my fellow journalists greeted me with the jibe, "So you are in the Court circular!" It appears that the Moslem League organ *Dawn* carries a small rubric, "Qaid-a-Azam," recording underneath the guests received and other activities of the great man during the previous day. The conversation covered much ground of interest, but did not provide the basis of an interview for publication. I had taken the opportunity to ask Mr. Jinnah some of the questions which are often raised by Left opinion in England with regard to the program of Pakistan, and he very kindly gave me full answers which I noted down. He promised to look them through subsequently to see whether it was suitable for publication. Next day, however, after seeing my notes he agreed that they were a perfectly correct record of what he had said and a perfectly fair summary of his views, and that they contained no confidential matter other than his publicly known views. On being invited to make any deletions, additions or alterations he might wish he said there was nothing to change. Nevertheless he did not appear to relish the idea of these questions and answers without comment appearing in cold print; and he found himself unable to consent to publication.

April 17.

THE memorandum presented today by P. C. Joshi of the Communist Party to the Cabinet Mission has had an excellent press and won very favorable opinions from the most varied quarters. It is a clear, practical, constructive and (what is less usual for Communist publications here) concise document. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari is reported to have said that it represents, of course, the only real solution to which they will all have to come in the end, but may take some years to reach. Devadas Gandhi, whom I happened to meet on the eve of his departure for London and America in search of newsprint, asked me if I had written it. I explained that I had never seen the document until it appeared, and asked his opinion of it. He replied (and his opinion is worth noting, since this son of Gandhi and editor of the leading Congress journal, the *Hindustan Times*, is no friend of the Communists) that he thought it a first-class document. The document kills stone-dead the sedulously fostered myth that the Communist Party of India has placed itself behind the official program of Pakistan and the Moslem League. Of course, the usual process now happens. The Communist Party policy of national self-determination clearly set out in the 1942 resolution and again in the election program was universally distorted by hostile critics as 100 percent support of Pakistan. As usual, the hostile headlines won the ear of ninety-nine percent of the public who never saw the actual policy statements. Now that the memorandum to the Cabinet Mission has compelled recognition of the real policy, the wiseacres wag their heads and say, "ah, the Communists are coming to their senses at last!"

LIFE AND ILLUSION

By ALEXEI SURKOV

The guns will cease, the years will pass.
We shall grow older, feebler, hoary,
And legends will arise at last,
And thus will run the hero's story:

"Unsparing of his strength, he went
Against the cruel stream of fate
And many a lofty sentiment
He uttered at death's very gate.

"At night, before the bloody battle,
He lost himself in revery. . . ."
Yes, we shall listen to such prattle
And grin in gay senility.

For we in mudhuts met those heroes,
Informally, upon the scene.
We broke our bread with them; we drank
Together from the same canteen.

They wore no haloes round the head:
Dust in their lungs, frost in their bones,
They bore their fate with such a tread
As one might bear a sack of stones.

Upon their shoulders pressed the pack.
They played no hide-and-seek with death;
And if they fell in the attack
They died with curses on their breath.

Their thoughts by day, their dreams at night
Have never glowed in grand citations,
But none was wanting in the fight
To save the future of his nation.

Let them be glorified . . . don't bother!
Imagination loves the ample,
But the life of man is always other:
Dirtier, holier, more simple.

(*Translated by Seymour Gregory.*)

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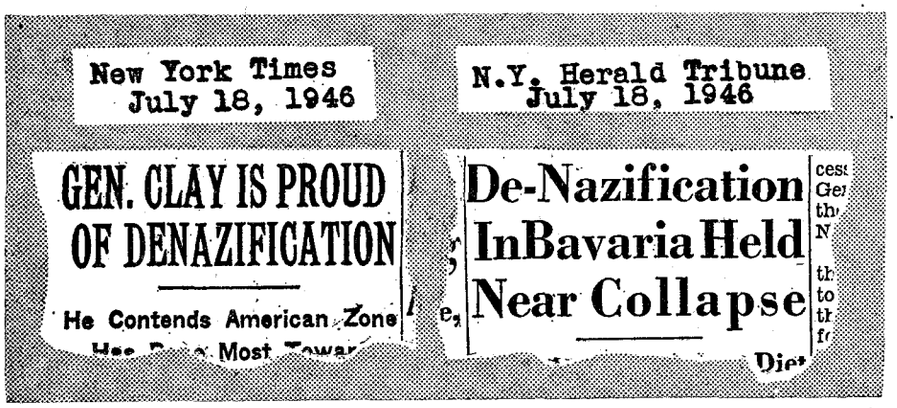
DOUBLE D FOR GERMANY

An Editorial by A. B. MAGIL

A DISPATCH from Berlin in the July 12 issue of the New York *Times* tells us more about the meaning of the Soviet proposals for Germany than a dozen columns by Walter Lippmann and a ton of speeches by Secretary Byrnes and Senator Vandenberg. The dispatch reports that the Russian Military Administration at Weimar, capitol of Thuringia, is "actively assisting in the reconstruction of German cultural life." In contrast to the Nazi destruction of the homes of Tolstoy and Tchaikowsky and other Russian cultural treasures, the Russian Military Administration in the home city of the great Goethe is helping to raise funds for the rebuilding of the Weimar National Theater, has reopened the Goethe Museum and is assisting artists and the arts in various ways. In other words, the Russians are encouraging the revival and revitalization of the tradition of German democratic culture which the Nazis had befouled and suppressed.

Denazify and democratize—this is the core of Molotov's proposals. All other questions—the Ruhr, the level of industrial production, economic and administrative unification, the structure of the future German state—must be judged in relation to this central objective. In his radio report on the Paris meeting of the Big Four foreign ministers Secretary Byrnes brushed aside Molotov's criticism that Byrnes' plan for a twenty-five year treaty for German disarmament, whose real author is Republican Senator Vandenberg, "did not assure the denazification and democratization of Germany" nor the payment of reparations to the Russians. "But these are political matters which are already dealt with in the Potsdam agreement," said the Secretary of State.

In these words Byrnes reveals what is wrong with the American and British and in large part the French approach to Germany. For him these are simply political matters to be dealt with by political measures, such as the replacement of Nazi administrators with non-Nazi reactionaries, the holding of premature elections under conditions that assure a victory for the Right, and the recent action of Lieut.-Gen. Lucius D. Clay in pardoning 1,000,000 of the most fanatical Nazis in Germany, those under twenty-seven years old. For Byrnes it is sufficient that these matters are dealt with in the Potsdam agreement. The fact that certain decisions are down in black and white obviates for him and for the big business class for whom he speaks the necessity for putting them into the very bowels of Germans life.


New York Times
July 18, 1946

GEN. CLAY IS PROUD OF DENAZIFICATION

He Contends American Zone

N.Y. Herald Tribune
July 18, 1946

De-Nazification In Bavaria Held Near Collapse

Here is the crux of what divides the Soviet Union and the Western powers. It is the difference between those who want to denazify and democratize—and are doing it in their own zone—and those who merely want to sign an agreement to denazify and democratize—and then give a free hand to neo-Nazi and anti-democratic forces. Where—except in the Soviet zone—have the powerful industrial and financial trusts and cartels, which were the womb of fascism, been eliminated? Where—except in the Soviet zone—has the power of the Junker class, which suckled Nazism, been destroyed through the division of their estates among the small farmers?

Given complete military and economic disarmament—and this Molotov insists on—would the democratization of Germany be helped or hindered by encouraging peaceful industries? To convert Germany into an agrarian hinterland—a utopian goal at best—would deprive it of that force which is the wellspring of democratic vigor, the industrial working class. Moreover, a peaceful Germany that stands economically on its own feet and plays a useful role in world economy is a Germany transformed from a threat into an asset. To guarantee that industrial production will be entirely peaceful Molotov proposes that inter-Allied control be established over all German industry, particularly in the Ruhr. And it is through such inter-Allied control, Molotov points out, that Germany can be treated as an economic unit, as provided in the Potsdam pact.

WHAT about the question of the Ruhr, whose separation from Germany France has demanded? This is admittedly a tough problem. It is understandable that the French Communists, viewing reactionary developments in the American and British zones and particularly the efforts of Britain, which now controls the Ruhr, to use it as a lever against France, should conclude that the separation of the Ruhr from Germany—and from Britain—is essential to guarantee France against military and economic aggression. Without presuming to criticize this position, it seems to me that, taken together with the other Soviet proposals and in the context of genuine efforts to denazify and democratize the country, Molotov's plan to have the Ruhr remain within Germany under four-power control is best calculated not only to further the growth of German democracy, but to protect the peoples of Europe against the revival of aggressive German militarism.

Similar considerations are involved in the question of Germany's future political structure. The British and influential groups in our State Department are pressing for dividing Germany into separate states joined in a

(*Continued on page 22*)

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THE TRIBUNE'S STAR REPORTER

The writings of Marx and Engels on the US Civil War pass the ultimate test of science—accuracy of prediction and significance for the future.

By HERBERT APTHEKER

BOOKS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD: *This is the fourth of a series on the Marxist classics. Previously discussed were Marx's "Value, Price and Profit" (April 30), Engels' "Dialectics of Nature" (June 4), and "Socialism: Utopian and Scientific" (July 2). Another in this series will be published soon.*

A REVIEWER, writing in a journal for professional historians, (*New York History*, January, 1938), said of *The Civil War in the United States** by Marx and Engels: "As one reads, one frequently forgets that the opinions are those of a contemporary writer formed immediately after the fact, because they are, without exception, findings which were confirmed by political scientists of the following fifty years."

This same note of amazement at the accurate analysis of a current event characterized the comments of almost all reviewers. (An exception was the *New Republic*, where Louis Hacker decided that "Marx was misled, of course. . . .") Thus, Herschel Brickell admitted that, in the matter at hand, Marx and Engels "were extraordinarily right," and the *American Political Science Review* likewise felt they had to be "given due credit for their anticipation" of the findings of later writers, though it held that "their comments can scarcely add anything to the detailed studies" of people like Beard and Cole, writing with the advantage of a perspective of sixty years.

Assume for a moment that the comments of Marx and Engels, made in Europe while the conflict was raging, and written in the form of newspaper articles (for the New York *Tribune* and the Vienna *Presse*) and personal letters (in the midst of many other labors) did nothing more than anticipate the findings contained in monographs by the most advanced American historians for the "following fifty years." Is that itself not a striking phenomenon? But this fact was merely reported by the reviewers; it was not explained and analyzed. Let us, then, observe where Marx and Engels anticipated the findings of American historiography concerning the Civil War, and where they indicated trails still only partially explored.

The fact that the slogan "States' Rights" was but a pretext, a prettified rationalization for the onset of the Civil War, was immediately evident to Marx and Engels, though for a generation after the event it was still being taught in American schools as a basic cause of the struggle. They correctly characterized the cry that the contest was one over tariffs as poppycock and demonstrated this by facts (secession allowed the *institution* of a high tariff; it could not be provoked by what did not exist), though this, too, was not commonly taught until the twentieth century.

They showed that working-class opposition to the Confederacy in England and France (opposition which they helped nurture), plus the investments of those countries in the United States and the importance of Northern wheat to them, were decisive in preventing outright intervention on the side of the Bourbons by Palmerston and Napoleon the Little, long before Adams, Schmidt and Owsley published their studies on these subjects.

Marx and Engels insisted upon the basic importance of the slave system in creating the war, pointed out the aggressiveness of the slaveholders, and demonstrated the significance of the alliance between the agricultural Northwest and the industrial East half a century before the writings of Turner, Beard and Cole. Some of these findings are still withheld from American students.

Because of their grasp of the fundamentally progressive and just character of the war, Marx and Engels had not the slightest hesitancy in aligning themselves with the North. Neither was unaware of the corruption and vacillation that plagued the North's prosecution of the war, but, as Marx said, "The

*International Publishers. $3.

Sen. Rankest Says:

"This is the only cotton-picking machine I need—haw haw!"

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manner in which the North wages war is only to be expected from a bourgeois republic, where fraud has so long reigned supreme." Nevertheless, the fact remained that "the highest form of popular self-government till now realized is giving battle to the meanest and most shameless form of man's enslaving recorded in the annals of history." In such a battle, Marx had hatred for those who actively sided with the slavemasters, and contempt for those super-leftists who, emphasizing the corruption and fraud in the North, affected neutrality and so aided the Bourbons.

He saw, too, that this progressive core would force the North finally to "make war seriously, adopt revolutionary methods and throw over the domination of the border slave statesmen." It was in connection with this that Marx and Engels stressed the importance of the Negro people in the battle, and wrote, with a deep insight only now beginning to penetrate a limited sector of our historical writing, that "A single Negro regiment would have a remarkable effect on Southern nerves." Marx knew that the "decisive slogan [was] *the emancipation of the slaves*" (emphasis in original).

In still another basic aspect of the Civil War, Marx's leads are only now beginning to gain detailed exploration in historical writing. This is his insistence on the oligarchic, nonpopular character of the Confederacy. It must be remembered that the European military profession was agreed that the Confederacy, with its great population, enormous area and tremendous seacoast, would never be defeated by the North (this was another reason for the failure of England and France to intervene—why do so when Secessia *could* not lose?). Indeed, even Engels, a military expert, seriously doubted the outcome, and as late as September, 1862, asked Marx, "Do you still believe that the gentlemen in the North will crush the 'rebellion'?"

Marx said he "would wager his head" on that belief. It was based, he said, not only on the North's supremacy in resources and men (for this alone need not be decisive—witness America vs. England, Holland vs. Spain), but also on the fact that *the South was not in rebellion*, but that rather an oligarchy of some 300,000 slaveholders had engineered a counter-revolutionary *coup d'etat*.

Marx examined the process of secession in detail (with, on the whole, great accuracy) and showed that it was done against the will of the majority of Southern whites. And he pointed out that, in addition, the master class was directly endangered by its slave population. He knew that the setting up of the Confederacy was "not merely a question of seceding from the North, but of consolidating and intensifying the oligarchy . . . in the South." Marx, therefore, paid particular attention to the unrest of American slaves (this, with the movements of Russian serfs, were "the biggest things that are happening in the world," he wrote), to desertion amongst Confederate troops, to the almost total absence of Southern guerrilla warfare against the North, to its existence against the Confederate army, and to internal squabbles amongst the distraught rulers themselves. The emphasis on these developments is now appearing (and much remains to be done) in the writings (published and unpublished) of Laura White, Georgia Tatum, Olive Stone, Herbert Aptheker, Albert Moore, Charles Wesley, John Bettersworth, Harvey Wish, Roger Shugg, W. E. B. DuBois, Bell Wiley and others, but the penetration of these findings into the textbooks and the teaching in our schools and universities has hardly begun.

While the volume we are examining contains but a few letters from Marx and Engels following the Civil War, these again show profound understanding, and read like summations of the latest and best researches into the period. Thus, by June, 1865, Marx writes, "Johnson's policy disquiets me . . . vacillating and weak in substance," and in July, Engels states in reply: "I, too, like Mr. Johnson's policy less and less. His hatred of the Negroes comes out more and more violently while as against the old lords of the South he lets all power go out of his hands . . . all the old villains of secession will be sitting in Congress. Without colored suffrage nothing whatever can be done there, and Johnson leaves it to the vanquished, the ex-slaveholders, to decide upon this matter. . . ."

The political insight of Marx and Engels carried over, of course, into the military sphere, for war and politics are inextricable. They knew that the professional officers (the minority, that is, who did not embrace treason) felt that the war "must above all be kept free from revolutionary tendencies affecting matters of principle," and that, therefore, they—particularly as personified by McClellan—would prefer cumbersome "Anaconda" plans involving long sieges, interminable preparatory movements and—intensive inactivity! Realizing the nature of the war, the characters of the states opposing each other, and the predilection of the masses, Marx and Engels favored a daring assault into the heart of the Confederacy aimed at Georgia ("key to Secessia," as they called it) two full years before events forced that tactic upon the Union high command.

We come to the question I raised in the beginning—why is it that Marx and Engels were so "extraordinarily right," why is it that their findings were "without exception . . . confirmed by political scientists of the following fifty years," and, as has been shown, are still being confirmed?

The answer contains the ultimate meaning of this volume, and this is why none was offered by the reviewers already cited. Marx and Engels brought into the analysis of the present their historical materialism—their theory of the fundamental significance of the forces of production in explaining human events, and the shaping of those events in the cauldron of the class struggle. Examining the concrete facts of the time in the light of these basic postulates led Marx and Engels to cut through the superficial and extraneous, the pretexts and verbalizations, into the roots of the question. Knowing that, in a socio-economic sense, the forces of production and the class content and alignment of society were dominant and crucial, they examined these phenomena in particular, and thus arrived at interpretations of the local, national and international scenes whose validity has been demonstrated by past and current historical literature.

This book is one more evidence of the scientific nature of Marxism, for it passes the ultimate test of science—accuracy of prediction, and significance for the future. While there still does not exist a thorough scientific treatment of the American Civil War it is a fact that he who will outline the most noteworthy *advances* made by American historiography (not the Bourbon apologetics of Craven, Randall et. al.) during the past three generations in its investigation of aspects of the war will have simultaneously outlined *The Civil War in the United States* by Marx and Engels!

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THE STRANGE CASE OF JUSTICE JACKSON

Why did the Supreme Court judge attack Justice Black? What do the Senate reactionaries and corporations want? "The danger isn't over."

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington

THE recent attack on Justice Hugo Black by Justice Robert H. Jackson was only a climactic incident in what will be a continuing campaign to destroy the progressive character of the Supreme Court, it is agreed here by lawyers and labor legislative representatives. These close followers of the Court's activities have known for some time that a conspiracy existed to get Justice Black off the bench. It is no secret that Justice Jackson simply had been waiting for a chance to attack Black personally. He saw the present world-wide reactionary imperialist drive as his chance and chose a smearing attack as unprincipled as the attempt to pin a Ku Klux Klan label on Black when Roosevelt first appointed him.

Now, as then, the lords of the press gleefully leaped in to hail the attack on Black. That the immediate effect was a boomerang, and the expected impeachment or Congressional investigation of Black has not materialized, does not mean that the danger is over. With the return of Jackson from Nuremberg the Senate reactionaries who speak for the big employers and trusts will revive the move for an investigation. The American Bar Association has decided to investigate Jackson's charges. The newspapers which called for the resignation of both Black and Jackson appeared to view the appointment of Fred Vinson as Chief Justice with equanimity, as they did that of former Sen. Harold H. Burton, Republican, as a justice. To get rid of Black they would sacrifice Jackson and depend on Harry's future appointments. Whether or not the campaign results in its immediate objective, the removal of Black, it is intended to create fear on the part of the liberal members such as Justices Douglas and Murphy, and even middle-of-the roaders.

Unanimously, and with ill-concealed hatred, the capitalist press editorialized on the Jackson charges, while imperialist spokesmen such as Sen. Styles Bridges (R., N. H.), hardly pretended to be interested in whether Justice Black sat in a case argued by his law partner of twenty-seven years ago, but thundered over page one that Black had addressed a National Citizens Political Action Committee meeting. Reaction may have "used" Jackson's charges, but Jackson used, to convey his blast, a direct appeal to Congress and to some of the most tory-minded committees of Congress, the judiciary committees.

In the miners' portal-to-portal case mentioned by Jackson, Justice Black's vote was not necessary to the specific outcome. Without his vote it would have been a tie, in which case the lower court's ruling would have been upheld just the same. What is more important is that Justice Jackson has on other occasions, too, taken on himself the delicate duties of arbiter over when a justice should or should not disqualify himself—but never except on the side of reaction. Certainly he failed to attack former Justice Owen Roberts, a former director of the Bell Telephone Co. and American Telephone & Telegraph, who sat in the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co. case and wrote the majority opinion overruling the Maryland Public Service Commission, which wanted to reduce rates.

But in the case of William Schneiderman, in which the Supreme Court reversed a California finding that would have cost a man his citizenship because the lower court assumed he could not be loyal to the Constitution and be a Communist, Jackson disqualified himself in such a fashion as to point an accusing finger at Justice Frank Murphy. Now Jackson had followed Murphy as Attorney General. Realizing that Murphy was an outstanding exponent of free speech and civil liberties (his concurring opinion in the Schneiderman case later was widely quoted to illustrate the progressive character of the Court majority), Jackson pointedly listed dates when he disqualified himself. This is what he said:

"I do not participate in this decision. This case was instituted in June of 1939 and tried in December of that year. In January 1940, I became Attorney General of the United States and succeeded to official responsibility for it. This I have considered a cause for disqualification, and I desire the reason to be a matter of record."

His wording is pointed to by lawyers as illustrative of his pettiness and sanctimoniousness. Apparently no one took seriously his intimation that Murphy should have disqualified himself, any more than in the Harry Bridges deportation case, in which Jackson again disqualified himself, again letting his disapproval of Murphy for not doing likewise be subtly conveyed, although the indictment on which Bridges was tried was issued after Murphy had left the Attorney General's office.

In the same fashion Jackson told the late Chief Justice Stone that he did not think it proper for Justice Black to speak at a National Lawyers Guild dinner when Lee Pressman, CIO counsel, was going to be there, since Pressman was to appear before the Court in a few days. This despite the fact that virtually all of the justices, save Stone, Jackson and Roberts, attended the dinner.

JACKSON's use of "principle" always seems tied to a furtherance of self-interest. And the further he climbs in his public career, the more his self-interest is hitched to the interests of reaction. In his early days, first as a Democrat in a Republican county in New York, then as a New Dealer here, it was the fashion to be a liberal of sorts. Jackson lashed out at America's sixty families, and he belonged to the Lawyers' Guild. But when during the days of the Soviet-German pact the Lawyers' Guild was Red-baited, Jackson hastily withdrew his membership.

And now we find him using the "principle" of the "independence of the Court," which fittingly was the sacred by-word of reaction in the old days when Roosevelt was trying to liberalize the Court. Now, after almost

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a decade in which, under Black's leadership, the Court has upheld the Wagner Act, taken the civil rights clauses of the Constitution and applied them for the first time concretely to Negroes and minorities; now that the Court has become in fact relatively independent of reactionary dictation, Jackson wants the "independence" of the Court restored. His attack on Black is well timed. It comes when the Supreme Court is, in contrast to the old days, the only one of the three branches of government which remains an obstacle to the fullest play of reaction. The battle to have the Court agree on the basic right of government to regulate the economic life of the country is long over and the victory reposes in solid majority decisions.

It is reliably reported that Jackson, who so unctuously talks of "sound judicial policy," has so little of the judicial temperament that when he was in the Department of Justice and heard that Murphy had been made Attorney General, he made no bones about his fury that he had not got the appointment himself, and even became physically ill over it.

Unlike middle-of-the-roader Stanley Reed, former Kentucky lawyer for tobacco interests and former Solicitor General, Jackson never was a wealthy man. In Jamestown, N. Y., he was counsel and director for utility, railroad and bank interests, but his general background is one of political patronage. He is said to have been plugged for his job as Attorney General by Tom Corcoran, fixer *par excellence*. Frankfurter, who is quite a little fixer himself, has been his chief lobbyist for the job which Vinson now has.

He is, however, probably the most worldly man on the Court. In the words of John Chamberlain (*Life*, January, 1945) he is "whimsical, fluent and something of a personal aristocrat in his feeling for the horsey life of a Virginia estate," and his son has now achieved the social prominence of marrying into the Oyster Bay branch of the Roosevelt family.

With this background he has developed an overweening sense of the fitness of things, which now comes into play in his attack on Black. It crops out in some of his dissents, in which he seems to lecture the majority of the Court (symbolized by Black) for being too consistently for labor. It is as if he cannot find it "judicial" to allow labor to score too many victories. Thus, in his dissent in the case of the Wallace corporation, a case in which the Court upheld the NLRB in saying an employer couldn't enter into a closed shop agreement for the express purpose of provoking the discharge of minority union members, Jackson wrote:

"Of course it is the employer who is penalized here, and on shallow and superficial examination it may seem like another victory for labor." This apparent impatience at what he seems almost to regard as the majority's obsession with the need to protect the workers even appears in his concurring opinion in the free speech case of R. J. Thomas, former head of the United Auto Workers-CIO. Concurring, he nevertheless pointed out that the employer, too, should be free to "turn publicity on the records of the leaders or the unions which seek the confidence of his men," and he concluded: "But I must admit that in overruling the findings of the Texas court, we are applying to Thomas a rule the benefit of which in all its breadth of vigor this court denies to employers in NLRB cases."

Contrast this with another concurring opinion in the same case written by Douglas, joined by Black and Murphy, who said: "No one may be required to obtain a license in order to speak. But once he uses the economic power which he has over other men and their jobs to influence their action, he is doing more than exercising the freedom of speech protected by the First Amendment." While the opinion said this was true of employer or employee, it neatly undoes the mischief Jackson did in laying the base for employers to use "free speech" to bust unions.

One lawyer here who never misses reading and rereading a Jackson opinion has concluded he is "an opportunist, and a dilettante, an apostle of American jurisprudence as it stemmed from the pragmatism and 'realism' of Henry James and John Dewey and became the philosophy of certain smart law school teachers and students, and some New Dealers." It is, he said, "the height of cynicism, which puts value on shrewdness and cleverness, failing to distinguish between reactionaries and liberals—because don't both sorts act out of self-interest?"

"Junior's magician outfit solved our meat problem—but we're getting awfully tired of eating hassenfeffer every day."

ONE OF the most cynical of Jackson's opinions is his dissent in the US versus Southeast Underwriters case. In this dramatic case Black wrested a majority for a bold and courageous decision. After eighty years in which a vast network of property concepts was built up by preserving the assumption that insurance was local in character

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and insurance companies therefore not subject to regulation except by states, the old Paul vs. Virginia ruling holding insurance was not commerce was reversed. While the case was pending, droves of insurance lobbyists moved to Washington, and powerful law firms exerting tremendous political pressures launched a major political campaign. Even before it was decided, a bill was introduced to offset such a decision. And just recently a bill was slipped through the House by insurance companies exempting them from prosecution under the anti-trust laws.

What did Jackson do in the Southeast Underwriters case? He admitted that Black and the majority were right, that "as a matter of fact modern insurance is commerce." But, he said, "for constitutional purposes a fiction has been established that it is not commerce." And this should not be disturbed. "A judgment as to whether the evil of a decisional error exceeds the evil of an innovation must be based on very practical and in part on policy considerations."

One lawyer frequently before the Court pointed to the difference between Black's and Jackson's opinions. "Black's opinions are simple, lucid, with no language that could be misunderstood. There is never any obscure or fanciful phrasing which by some twist could be used against the interests of labor or minorities. Many of them are pedestrian. What he is after is a majority. Jackson, on the other hand, always writes as if for quotation." His dissents, like those of Frankfurter, often are precious. Thus in one of the Jehovah Witnesses cases, he disagreed with the majority and spoke bitterly of these roving characters who come into a town to "proselytize." He did not believe, he said, that the Court members should "reach judgments as did Plato's men, who were chained in a cave so that they saw nothing but shadows." And, bent on "uncovering" these vagrant religious folk who, it is true, did not move with the quietness and circumspection of Episcopalians or Presbyterians, he wrote: "This record shows us something of the strings as well as the marionettes."

Even lawyers who found little to admire in Justice Jackson were shocked by his handling of the Court's opinion in the Cramer treason case. This was the case in which a lower court's conviction of Anthony Cramer, former officer in the Friends of New Germany, a forerunner of the Bund, was

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reversed by the Supreme Court. Cramer had been convicted of giving aid and comfort to two of the German saboteurs who landed from enemy submarines in Florida with the plan of destroying the American aluminum industry. Dissenting from the majority, Douglas, Stone, Black and Reed said that the Jackson (majority) opinion was "written on a hypothetical state of facts, not on the facts presented by the record."

It is true that Jackson wrote sound majority opinions in both the J. I. Case hearing and the railroad telegraphers' case, which clarified the Court's upholding of collective bargaining as outlined in the Jones and Laughlin case. In the Jones and Laughlin case Justice Hughes had put in a limitation which would have left the individual, unorganized employee on a par with the union in bargaining with the employer, which could have made the National Labor Relations Act meaningless. Jackson pointed out that this could break down standards for the welfare of the group at large, and at its expense.

But his record in various other labor cases does not bear such close inspection. For example, in the Hunt vs. Crumboch case, where Black wrote the majority opinion, Jackson wrote the dissent. The teamsters' union had a closed shop contract with the A & P. The trucking firm of Hunt & Hunt was barred by the union from employing its members because one of the partners was accused, though acquitted, of murdering a union member. Hunt & Hunt therefore, under the union's contract with the A & P, could not do any trucking for that firm. The trucking company sued the teamsters for treble damages. Jackson's dissent found that the union was in violation of the anti-trust laws.

Jackson has taken in many honest liberals. These are chiefly persons who recognize that Justice Felix Frankfurter, at one time considered a liberal, is the most dangerous element on the Court and the most consistent opponent of Black, but they find it hard to condemn Jackson utterly or see his attack on Black as an intimate part of the broader imperialist reactionary assault on the Court's majority.

Apparently Harold L. Ickes is under no illusions about Jackson any longer. Writing of the "terrific blow" Jackson dealt the Court, the former Secretary of the Interior said that when he recommended Jackson to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Chief Justice Hughes, "I believed him to be fundamentally liberal in his point of view."

After declaring that he always has believed that the Court was set up "to serve the people and protect the American citizen in his rights under the Constitution," Ickes went on to say pointedly: "I have regretted the quick going over to conservatism, if not to reaction, of men named by President Roosevelt, who would never have been considered if he had not regarded them as having the same liberal point of view that he himself possessed."

And when he touched upon Justice Jackson's "motive" as all too apparent, Ickes hinted what is freely commented on here, the all-consuming ambition of the man who now adjures his fellow justices to keep the Court above the struggle. His ambition to be not only Chief Justice but President is well-known.

This is the first of two articles on the Jackson-Black controversy.

THE BREAK-UP

Eddie was only six, and amidst the strange confusion he clung to the faith that his mother would come home soon to fix his lunch like always.

A Short Story by LUCILLE BOEHM

OLD man Boodgy dumped the Turkish candy and pistachio nuts and figs out of his push-cart into a big burlap sack, and wheeled the creaky cart down the street to Louise's stoop. "Ain't for the buck I's doin' it," he droned, "buck ain't never enter my head. Just 'cause you a good friend a mine all these years. . . ."

"O.K., Boodgy, come up off the jive." Louise struggled into the hall with a stuffed chair oozing matted horse-hair through the splits. "Think you can take this here on?"

"I think so," the old man tugged the fat stubborn chair out to the stoop, his joints grinding like the wheels of his cart. Young Charlie caught the chair as it tipped off the first step. His bold wide lips smiled at his easy strength, and the black brush on his upper lip spread back as he swung the chair off its legs and heaved it sideways into Mr. Boodgy's push-cart.

A scraping noise came from the hall. Louise and Jeanette were lugging the white-top kitchen table over the cracked tiles. The porcelain top rattled. The legs shuddered violently as though they were seized with a chill.

"Oh Lord," Louise groaned, and she let her end of the table rest on the tiles for a moment.

"I notice Joe ain't here, helping you out in your trouble," Jeanette remarked slyly.

Louise looked at her sister with terrible leanness in her big-boned face. Hunger in the full nostrils, hunger in the wide set of the cheek bones, sharp and gleaming like two cut coals, hunger in the black eyes like a cold knife.

"He ain't been with me since three months after they took us off the relief," she said. And with the calloused strength of her big dark hands, she hoisted the table top under her palms and dragged it, rearing on its hind legs, out to the hall door.

Charlie whirled the table like a dance partner off the stoop into the push-cart. "You sure sends that table, boy!" laughed Jeanette. The young man half smiled. "Sure, I'm a hot dog," he said, and tramped past her into the flat for the old brown-wood bureau. "Hey, Boodgy!" he yelled, pivoting the great wooden hulk around on one leg. "I'll help," offered Louise, running back through the hall.

"That ol' beat-up Joe!" Jeanette muttered maliciously, "Beat-up ol'

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kite. He take you for what he can get an' then leave you flat when you get off the relief. Loaf around outside the candy store all day an' leave you messin' around. . . ."

Louis and Charlie pushed the huge bureau, wrestled agaist it with straining arms and legs and shoulders. "Joe an' me stuck out for three months after they cut off the relief —." Louise's words came on short breaths, hard as the chugs of a steam-engine, "but they was Eddie to feed, an' Anna, an' then when Joe start' sellin' King Kong in the house here we got a whole mess a creeps hangin' around—I wisht I hadn't stuff' this here bureau so full of junk it weigh a ton!"

Jeanette grabbed a lamp like a lance in her two hands and charged out through the hall with it. "I seen how he lay on to you, chil'!" she screamed without looking back. "Ain't no man *I'd* take that stuff out of, trouble or no trouble. I'm glad you gon' take a sleep-in job, an' stay away from that man!" She thrust the lamp stem into Mr. Boodgy's startled hands and marched back to the flat.

THEY rolled up the patchy linoleum carpets after Charlie dug out the nails. Dust billowed high underneath, a smokescreen for the escape of a nest of roaches in the corner. Louise watched the bugs scamper as the dust settled. "I ain't even gonna touch 'em," she said placidly, "leave 'em worry the rent man like he worry us all the time." She tied the linoleum into a neat cylinder. Jeanette opened the cupboard doors and winced at the stale, sweet smell. She drew out the mouldy tins and plates in piles and tucked them between the soft heaps of clothing in the valise. Louise went to the stoop and summoned Eddie in from the street.

"Come in ch'here, Eddie," she yelled. "*Eddie!* You come on in, Eddie. Don't you make out you can't hear me. Your ears is as good as mine. Come in ch'here now." His bluff called, Eddie came reluctantly toward the stoop.

"Here, child," she straightened his collar and stroked his shirt gently and tucked the loose ends into his knickers. "Come in an' fix yourself up nice. You gon' stay at your aunt's house." Eddie whined softly, yearning back toward the street. Louise took him by the shoulders and turned him into the hall with firm pressure in her hands that steered him forward. And Eddie let himself be pushed by the strong hands without lifting his feet. "Come on walk, Eddie. You got to clean up before your lunch."

It was part of the routine of life to suffer being tidied up before lunch. Like Sunday's church and Friday's visit to Gramma. Even when Joe stopped coming home and Anna went out on cleaning jobs and the electricity was shut off and the gas man tried to get in every night—even then Louise clung to the sturdy routine of life. Like a machine working on its own impetus when the fuel was gone.

Eddie resisted the noonday washing because he liked to resist. It was part of a little boy's code of honor to resist. And it was a game to feel his feet scraping and sliding along the broken tiles while a power greater than his own moved him swiftly through the hall. The guiding hands on his shoulders were wonderfully firm and safe, and by resisting them he could test their comfortable strength.

Louise kicked open the kitchen door and steered Eddie into the flat. Then suddenly the hands deserted his shoulders and he was left standing alone, naked of support, in the middle of a wierd, naked kitchen. The dirty green and white checked linoleum carpet had been rooted up, and beneath him was a soft bed of dust and plaster chalk. The little black bandy-legged stove was gone. The pile of wood had deserted its corner. A sick smell of must and green mould drifted from the empty cupboard. There was no clothesline strung overhead from the door to the window, and only patches of clear yellow against sooty yellow on the wall marked where the calendar and the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had hung. The red curtains were down and through the opening Eddie could see the empty hole of a room where Anna and Charlie had slept. The couch was alone there now, lying on its back with the legs sawed off. And the bedroom was robbed of its chairs and bureau and radio and snapshots and matted rag, and the big bed was only a skeleton of springs and bony iron legs. Charlie and Jeanette were hacking the posters at the front and foot from the mutilated body, and Louise began to roll the broad mattress into a corner. Eddie stood watching them uncertainly, still quivering with shock at the barren, flayed, gutted thing they had made of his home.

Louise wound a rope tightly around the rolled mattress and tied it again and again, till it looked like a gigantic, mummified sausage. "Go on, Eddie," she called from the bedroom, "don't stan' there like a stick a wood. Get yourself wash'. There's a piece a dish soap waitin' in the sink."

Eddie moved slowly toward the kitchen sink beneath the open cupboard. "Clean up good now. You stayin' at your aunt's house from now on, an' you got to show how good you can be," said Louise.

JEANETTE looked up from her work on the bed posts. Her face was broad and full-featured like her sister's. But instead of the hunger that ate deep resentment into the face of the older woman, there was in Jeanette's look a slyness half funny, half mean—a flat, slippery surface for trouble to slide off. Now dimples appeared at her mouth corners and her mouth became a taut line between. She shook her head slowly and said, "You know I ain't keepin' him no more than two weeks, Louise. His Gramma can take him on then."

There was a pause before Louise answered, "That's somethin' *she* don't know." She weighted her voice with sullenness to keep from losing control of it altogether.

"Oh don't pay her no mind," said Jeanette, "she always worryin', no matter what happen. Don't you mind —I'll talk her 'round."

"What if she don't take him in?"

"Well—we been over this before, Louise. I can't keep him on. I got four kids a my own to feed. She ain't got nobody." Peevishness was Jeanette's strategy of first line defense. She leaned on the bed post and sulked for a while. "Won't they let you keep him where you gon' sleep in?" she hazarded at last.

"I told you I can't even tell them folks I has a family." Louise tied another knot over the trussed mattress and cut the cord with a table knife. "Well?" she said, finally.

The stillness was thick and bleak like a prison wall. Jeanette hid behind it, muffled her answer in it. Her eyebrows shrugged and the dimples at the edges of her mouth made a hard, joyless smile there. She breathed voiceless words—"I dunno." And the thick wall of quiet closed in on them again.

Eddie came in from the kitchen holding his wet hands before him. "Dry my hands, Ma," he said.

Louise sat on the bare steel of the legless bed. She didn't stir as she said

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softly, "Seem like nobody want this poor chil'."

Then all at once she laid siege to the surrounding wall. "I'm sorry, Eddie," she cried, grabbing him to her, "I'm sorry I's leavin' you to a bunch a creeps who's gon' pass you on from one to the other when I wants you more than anything in this world!" She held him close, rigid for a moment. Then she released him and sobbed fiercely on the bed, bending down till her forehead pressed against her palm. And the sobs shook her firm flesh and the bones beneath trembled like shaken bars. The terrible strength of her misery frightened Eddie and Jeanette. The little boy whimpered and drew back. Jeanette's voice was soft with alarm.

"Come on, Louise. Come on now. Don't take on like that. You worryin' that chil'."

The mother on the bed caught her breath for a minute. Then she emptied her chest heavily, like an engine sighs down to a slow, controlled halt. And her anger was now the fuel she stored inside. Quickly Louise got up from the bed.

"Them folks uptown wants me to fix their lunch," she said. With sure steps she walked to the clothes rack, which was bare except for her black spring coat and a plain black hat on the shelf above. "I'll be down to see you all on my first day off." She shoved her big arms into the coat sleeves.

"Sure, everythin' gon' be all right," soothed Jeanette with a humoring, bedside air. "I hope you makes out O.K. on your job."

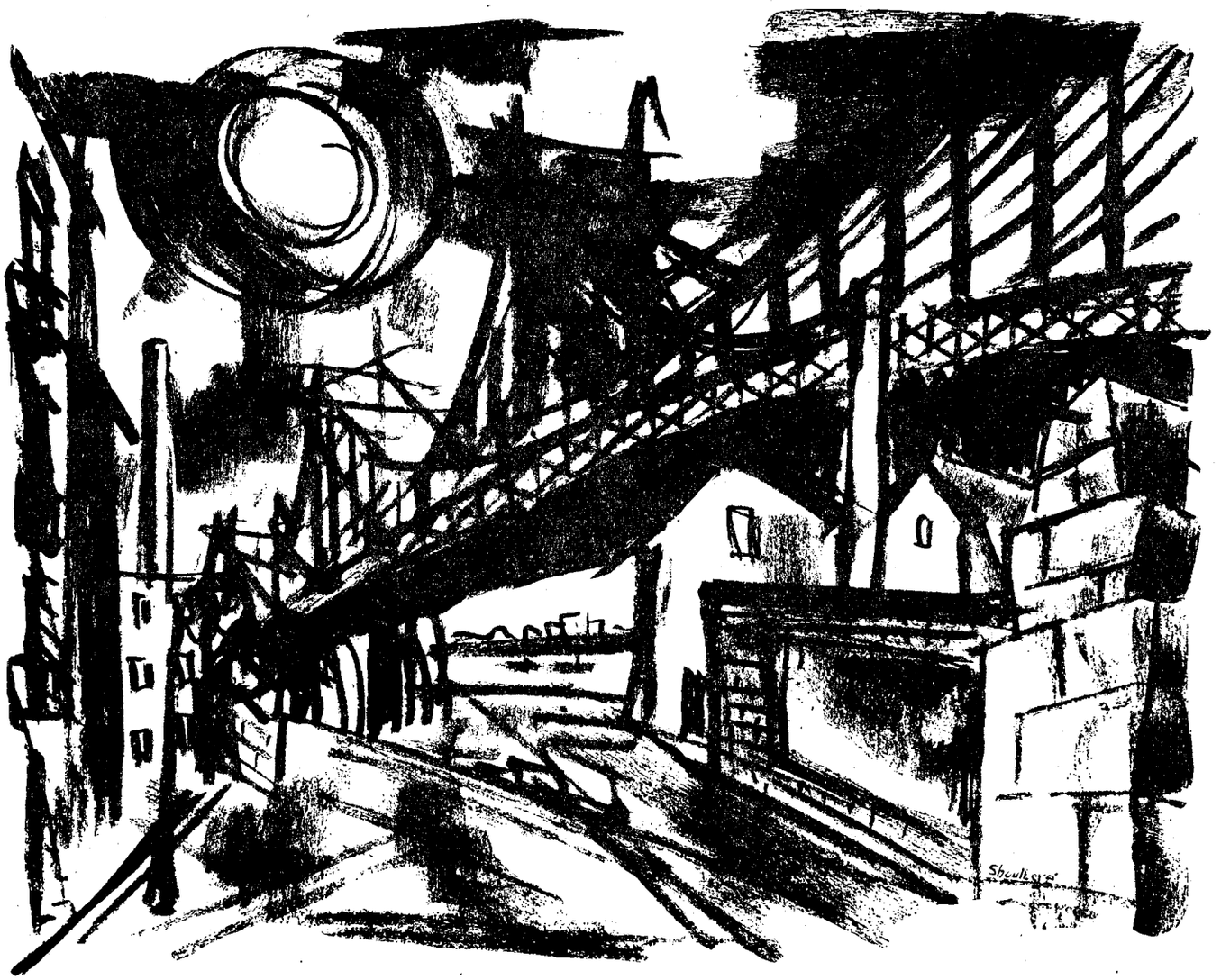
"So long, Jeanette," Louise closed her small night bag. "So long, Charlie," she called out to the stoop, where the mattress was being piled on top of Mr. Boodgy's heaped cart. And while Charlie's muffled goodby echoed through the hall, Louise held Eddie's head tight against her belly. She said nothing, but pressed him to her as though she would squeeze him inside to fill the wide, empty, aching hurt there. Then she picked up her hat and cheap leather night bag and walked out of the flat.

"HERE, Eddie, you can take up the wash." Jeanette filled the child's arms with a big paper bag stuffed with dirty clothes. She grabbed a lumpy package by its rope, stiffened her legs to lift it and carried the dish valise in her other hand. "Any more room on the cart, Charlie?" she bleated through the hallway.

"No," came the answer. "We'll push this stuff over now. Get the bed after."

Jeanette eyed the room briefly. "Come on, Eddie," she said and marched heavily out to the street. Eddie followed, looking from a front view, like a big paper bag on legs. They formed a slow procession behind Charlie and Mr. Boodgy, who were rolling the loaded push-cart up the narrow slope of sidewalk. . . .

A gang of men hung around the



Harry Shoulberg.

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steps of the candy store. They spat at the pavement, they shuffled back and forth when it was cold, they smoked what they could buy or what they could find and some of them blew the reefers, they kidded each other roughly, slyly, half-joking, half-sober, and sometimes they fought. They hung around the candy store steps, slack and inside because their lives had been boarded up like the condemned house next to the candy store. Now they moved apart to make room for Mr. Boodgy's groaning pushcart. One of the men, whose baggy cap hung close over his eyes, stepped up to Jeanette when he saw the child behind the paper bag. "How Eddie?" he asked with soft anxiety.

"Oh he all right." Jeanette flipped the words carelessly over her shoulder. She hurried on, muttering, "Beat-up old dog!" to herself, and she hustled Eddie before her.

The hall of Jeanette's house was freshly varnished and had a sharp smell like vomit. Eddie gagged as he stepped inside. He tried not to breathe. His aunt rested the valise at her feet and took the wash-bag from him. "Now you run along an' play," she told him, "an' don't you go too far, 'cause your lunch'll be ready in fifteen minutes. *You'd be where I can call you now!*" She had to scream this last after him, for Eddie had turned and fled down the hall—fled from the piercing smell of the varnish into the dull, murky smells of the street . . . fled from the tangled nest of confusion inside him.

He rushed along the block, past the ice shed and the laundry and the rows of cold-flat houses. Past the candy store and the condemned houses to the corner stoop. Juliet Miller and Jimmy and Warren Johnson were playing there. They had carpeted the stoop with a worn strip of cardboard that had once been a grocery box and they were sliding down it on their bellies. Eddie watched them with interest. Suddenly he burst free of his uncertainty and scrambled up the stoop steps.

"Lemme try it!" he shouted, enthusiastically pushing Jimmy aside. He plunged forward on the cardboard and half-slid, half-wriggled down the steps. The four children squealed with pleasure. They continued the game in rotation for awhile. Then, wearying, they tore at the cardboard strip and wrapped themselves in the pieces. Warren tried rolling down the stoop steps. Eddie rolled a few feet along the curb. He sat up feeling grimy and uncomfortable, and all at once he was aware that he was hungry.

It was as though the bottom had dropped out of his insides. It was as though his stomach was drained of its contents like a sink without a stopper. Hunger is like that when you've been living on soup greens and boiled rice for three weeks. It doesn't grow from one meal to the next. It is always in you. Sometimes you forget about it and then suddenly you remember. And then your joints unhinge with weakness and your head numbs like there is a tight bandage around it and the awful weight of emptiness anchors your belly.

IT WAS with an effort that Eddie detached himself from the cardboard and got to his feet. Hunger directed him mechanically across the street toward Louise's kitchen. At first he walked slowly, dazedly, the way the white junkies stumble back and forth from the cellar where they take the junk. But Eddie hurried when he reached the haven of his hall. He flung open the street door and fairly ran to the door of his kitchen. He turned the knob and tugged it quickly. The door gave an inch but held fast. Louise never locked it in the daytime! Eddie yanked the knob fiercely and the door rattled. He beat a furious tattoo on the tin surface with both his hands. The hinges refused to give more than an inch. "Ma!" he whined, "Ma!" He listened for the clack of a plate, the slow shuffle of feet. "Ma!"

The only sounds in the hall came from the flat in front. Once more Eddie's palms fluttered against the door like panicky moth-wings. Then he pressed his head to the thin light line of the crack and saw the bare floorboards plushy with dust, dry blobs of yellow paint like wax drippings down the wall in the empty corner. He turned away, hugging his stomach with his hands. The door to the courtyard was open. Eddie walked through it and sat at the head of the iron steps that led down to the yard.

It was a dreary closet-space—the courtyard—that barely separated the sagging walls of the old house.

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Through the square patch overhead the sky looked dusky with soot. When it was noon outside, it was evening in the yard. And the smell there was not an outside smell. It was the odor of many households, cooking, cleaning, boiling laundry, beating rugs. And the sounds in the yard were family sounds. The jam session of a dozen radios, the bawling of a kid, shrill female gossip, the quarrels of men and women and their laughter. The courtyard was filled with a concentrate of lives packed close together, and the refuse of many lives was discarded there. A broken gin bottle, coils of tin sheet, the sodden remains of newspapers, a rag rusted with blood, derelict tatters of dust-cloths flapping on the nails that pegged the surrounding walls. In the courtyard Eddie could feel the warm breath of indoor life, and he was reassured that Louise would come home and fix his lunch. He leaned against the iron railing and drank deeply of the smells and sounds of people, and gazed at the brick walls till the bricks seemed to shrink between broad, blurry lines of cement. . . .

Footsteps passed him in the hall. Louise! Eddie's eyes snapped into focus. The pulse leaped in his throat. He could hear her trying the knob of the kitchen door. He jumped to his feet, taut with joy. Now the footsteps were returning, drawing nearer! It was Jeanette who stood in the doorway to the yard.

"Well of all the—" she began, "what ch'you doin' here? Ain't I tell you stay where I can call you?"

Eddie shied back. "My ma ain't come yet. She gonna fix my lunch."

"You know I been lookin' all over this town for you! I got your lunch waitin' twenty minutes already!"

Eddie's hands reached behind him and his fingers closed around the railing: "My ma gonna fix my lunch."

"Your ma's a way uptown. She ain't gonna live here no more. You stayin' with me right now, chil'. Now come on, get your lunch."

Eddie shoved back against the railing and held on tight with his hands. His eyes were big with distrust. His chin looked swallowed like a frog's.

"Now look here, Eddie, I can't spend all day. Your ma ain't comin' back, see? Now you come on with me!" Jeanette pulled him by the arms and his knuckles paled almost yellow around the iron railing. "If you ain't the stubbornes' little cuss—" his aunt pried open the fingers of one hand. Her voice grew ominous. "Now come on, Eddie, or you an' me's gonna have an awful misunderstanding." He hugged the rail. His fingers snapped back and clutched it fiercely. He twisted his legs in the bars. And it was not just his body that resisted her. His whole being, his overwhelming six-year-old faith, clung to the railing of the courtyard steps.

Hopeless and breathless, Jeanette decided to change her tactics. "O.K." she said glibly, "You don't hafta eat. I don't care. You just savin' me money, that's all." She shrugged and turned back through the doorway. Eddie listened to the retreating thuds of her feet until the street door slammed shut behind them.

He sat down to wait once more at the head of the steps. But something quivered in him like a thrown knife. Maybe the hunger in his belly was eating away his faith that Louise would come and give him lunch. The warm smells and noises of the yard no longer made him sure. Today's strange confusion again loomed over him. He sprawled on the step and squirmed restlessly. The minutes passed in rapid-fire, shooting wide holes through the walls of his life. And the brick walls of the old house sagged in toward the yard, and the cement between the bricks was dry and crumbling like marrow in old people's bones. Eddie was oppressed by the stuffiness of the yard, and he was weary and empty and in retreat. At last he stood up on the landing and walked slowly back into the hall. But his retreat was orderly as he marched out to the street, and resentment squelched his tears.

Juliet Miller was still playing on the deserted corner stoop. She was jumping down the steps, first one, then two, then three at a time. Eddie watched her, the fury growing inside him. He crossed the street watching her and moved closer, the sting of anger in his eyes. And suddenly he was on the stoop, and when Juliet leaped from the top step he caught her shin in the crook of his knee. She tripped and stumbled perilously down the stone steps and she turned on him, shrieking with fright. Eddie laughed joylessly. "Am I slick!" he crowed, "Boy am I slick!"

The noise they made sounded through the broken door at the top of the stoop and rang in the dark, wasted air of the hall. And the cries of the children slapped sharply against the walls of the condemned house.

LABOR STORM

By Langston Hughes

Now it is time
For the strike-breakers to come out:
The boys with the shifting eyes,
The morons,
The discriminated ones
Too bitter to understand,
The goons,
The gangsters of defeat and death,
The strong-armed mercenaries
With the alley breath.

Now it is time for the worms
To come out of their holes,
And the little snakes
Who wrap themselves around
The big snakes.
Time for the white bellied things
To bare their atavistic fangs
For dollars and gray shame.

Man knows well
The use of man against men,
The greedy few
Against the needy many,
The decayed against the healthy,
The snakes
Against the runners in the sun.

Too often in the past
The snakes have won.

Time now that men awake
To their old past mistake
Of trust in snakes
Who wear a tailored skin—
But when in trouble
Call less stylish vipers in,
Moccasins that strike.
The unprotected heel of hunger
Without shame—
Since no great respected firm
Bears that anonymous name:
STRIKEBREAKER—
At least, not on the door.

The storm
That calls up varmints
From the earth
Is coming.

Workers beware!
It's almost
Here!

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A FARMER COMES TO TOWN

He's not in the market for the Brooklyn Bridge; what he's looking for is farmer-labor unity and he has some ideas on how it can be achieved.

By EDWARD BLYE

THE distance between the feeding lots and grain fields of the Midwest, and the nonfertile pavements of New York, is something more than geographic—something more than a farmer can figure back from the speedometer reading on his pre-war car when he hits the Big Town. Something strikes him in the face with more impact than the foul, carbon monoxide air. What is it?

Nobody tries to take him for a ride, pick his pockets, or steer him to a clip joint. He isn't discriminated against as a rube and a hick, because he just isn't a rube and a hick any more. He sees the new movies in his prairie town before they hit the neighborhood houses. His clothes are the same, and his point of view. He's been fed the same old hog-wash since his mama first sent him off to school, maybe only a little more so. Maybe! Anyhow it doesn't show!

He not only uses a safety razor nowadays, but the same brand as the city folk. And the same brand of hair lotion, precisely. If he's a second-rate citizen, he doesn't know it—and he ain't taking that from nobody.

Just the same he's uncomfortable and uneasy in the Big Town. Not because they speak a different language and he doesn't know how to order a meal. He can make out all right on that score as long as he doesn't stay too long and his money holds out.

He's been fed enough anti-labor, anti-trade union stuff out in his own great reactionary, cultural desert. He's a queer duck, or he wouldn't have visited New York in the first place—an atypical Midwestern farmer who knows a thing or two. Two things to be exact. Two great things that he had figured were elementary to the high-powered city workers and intellectuals. Even now after listening to a slew of them, using his two good ears and the standard equipment that comes between 'em, he'll grant that the dudes know a thing or two. Anyway one thing, if not both of them—but out in Kansas no man ever grew a crop of corn through lip service.

1. The folk who work in the cities are the market and the market potential for his grain and meats. When they don't work decent, the market slips, and the best corn crop he can grow sells under cost.

2. He's the city man's market. He doesn't ride around behind Old Nell any more or dress the kids in homespun. If they don't pay him some mind, but instead watch the packers and the processors gouge him, their market will slip. And the slip will show!

This farmer who came to the Big Town knows these two things and how to put them together. Just the same as he knows if he sows high-germinating seed in a mellow seed bed and plows the rows soon as the stand shows good, he's got a better chance of a crop than depending on the light of the moon—he knows that if he has himself a holiday hating the unions, he isn't helping his customers any.

The progressives in the Big Town know all that and lots more. They know that the trade unions are the bulwarks of democracy, that they are being attacked by the most reactionary forces, that they must not only weather the storm but come out of it stronger than ever. They know that fascism can be kept a foreign "ism" only by the most intensive struggle, this on a political as well as on an economic level. They know that continued peace must be won by the people, all the people, including the farmers.

This untypical farmer is old enough to remember a few years before the war when there was a lot of talk about a national Farmer-Labor Party but that somehow the mass of farmers never became involved—so it fizzled out and is barely remembered. This farmer sees the possibility of the resurgence of the idea of a Farmer-Labor Party now or in the near future. But such a party without the farmers is like bacon and eggs without the bacon.

Some things make this farmer weary. But the two great things that he knows and believes in are:

1. The farmer needs the worker.
2. The worker needs the farmer.

Two truths that to most are not self-evident, not both of them, together, in their entirety. Oh, the average farmer knows labor needs him all right, but that's only one end of the see-saw. And labor, which should know better, too often stops with the unconscious realization of its own importance to patched, blue-denimed Farmer Si Brown—condescending unconsciously, for all that he should know better, and might even know better if he'd stop to think.

No farmer is going to take condescension without raring up on his hind legs and becoming positively hostile. That's no way to bring farmer-labor solidarity out of the union halls. That's the carbon monoxide of misunderstanding that hit our farmer in the face when he came to visit on the cement home grounds of labor.

So why doesn't your precious farmer get to work and do something about it instead of leaving it all up to us?

That's the kind of talk gets our untypical farmer sore as all get-up, and don't think he hasn't heard plenty of it on his visit to the big town. Hell, no man likes to go into the weaknesses of his own kind—but if it comes down to it, he will.

Let's see, says our farmer—just what have we got back on the prairies—?

Two outfits: the Farm Bureau and the Grange, and any man might belong to one or both of 'em. They claim millions of members, the backbone of the farm bloc—and they're not kidding. But the farm bloc is just what makes too many city folk mad, even though they should know that neither outfit *really* represents the millions of small and middle farmers—but rather the big interests. So the city folk get mad at the farmers, and they don't get anywhere . . . getting mad at potential, powerful allies.

But they get mad, all right. Didn't the Farm Bureau come out for government strikebreaking! Why don't the farmers get wise and join the Farmers Union?

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The Farmers Union doesn't operate in his section of America's Billion Acre Farm. That's the case in a nutshell, but our farmer is honest. There's more to it than meets the naked eye.

The farmer doesn't pay too much mind to the Farm Bureau and the Grange, even if he's one of the fellows who pays dues. They don't have much to offer him, outside of a little insurance cheaper than the commercial companies, but maybe that's what makes it worth his while to pay his dues and be a member of the farm bloc along with Senator Capper. That's as far as it goes.

For the farmer is a working man even if it's the land he works, pretty much on his own; not a machine among a thousand, or on an assembly line, one in a thousand. He and all his family work pretty hard, in the fields, milking and choring around the barns, with occasional hired help if he's lucky; but more likely with his neighbors' help at harvest time or such like, on an exchange basis. His "hands" in their entirety are usually his own and his family's. His peak-time help is usually on a trade basis; the wages he pays are his own sweat in return.

During the war he learned to maintain and increase production without the little wage labor he was used to, but could no longer get. Even with the machinery shortage, he used more machinery than before, putting himself on more of a self-sustaining, permanent basis, becoming more of a "worker," whose livelihood depends on his own labor. If he's an "employer" it's on a one-percent basis; if he's an "exploiter," it's himself, wife and kids that he exploits.

ONLY a very small percentage of "farmers" are big business. Such men are free of the callouses of farm labor. They are gentlemen farmers, managers, absentee landlords—even corporations. They raise great crops of wheat, cotton, cattle, milk and oranges, and employ large numbers of farm workers doing so. They are the farm bloc and are "farmers" only in the way R. H. Macy's is a representative small merchant.

Our farmer is talking about the overwhelming majority: small working landowners, tenants and hired laborers.

Out on his prairies he and his neighbors own their farm land or part of it, their machinery and their small herds of livestock, or they directly rent the land. Their tie to their business is thus great, they may appear to have a measure of security—but their return from their capital investment is tiny compared to their sacrifice, their sweat and worry over losing it.

True, the farmer may own his farm or part of it, his machinery and livestock, or part therein; but all, meager as they are, can be as ruthlessly destroyed through the real and chattel mortgage foreclosures of a downswing in the economic cycle as a wage-worker's job and savings.

All these working farmers are of the people, with powerful democratic as well as ruggedly individualistic traditions. Their interests are perforce those of labor and progress; they have merely been pressed into the position of the Missouri mule who had to be shown before he kicked out *in the right direction.*

Still a lot of them don't like the labor unions; you can't get away from that!

Why should they? They've never had a chance to learn any of the truth about them. The factories, mines and shops are close-knit: the farmer sets off by himself in the middle of the prairie reading the most anti-labor nonsense the presses can turn out, and from the radio. . . . What do you expect, Labor?

But actually, in many cases, he's better than you'd expect. Several months ago, in the midst of the basic industries strikes, there was a movement to get him to come out for the Case Bill. He didn't, even though the heat was turned on to prove to him that the only reason he couldn't buy him a much-needed tractor or plow was because of the strikes.

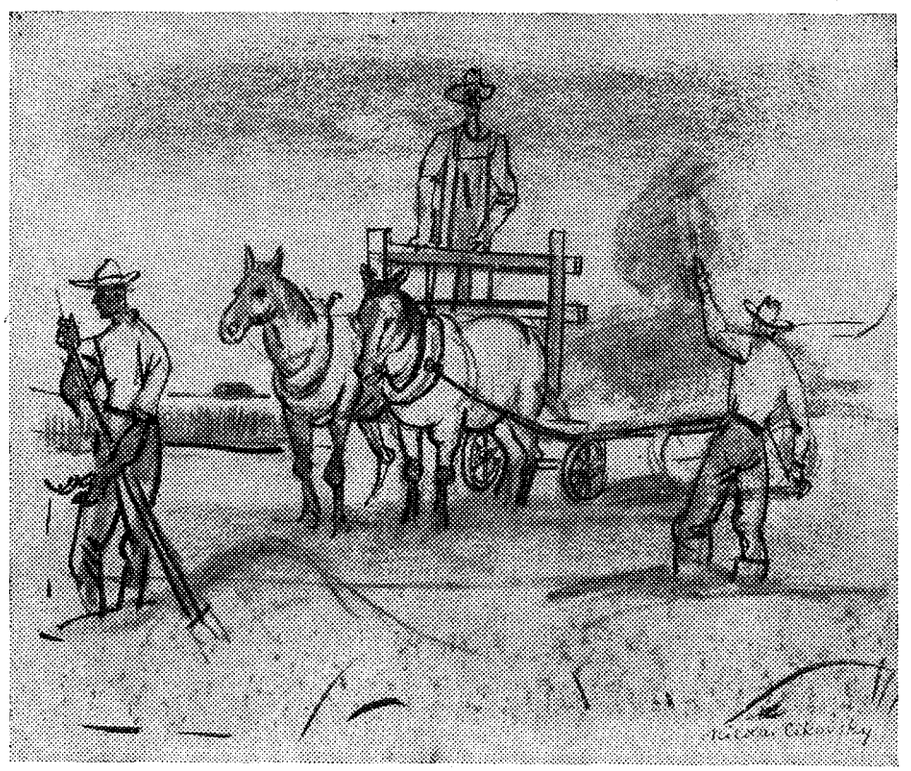
The farmer isn't a pushover. He'll read what you've got to offer him and listen to what you've got to say. But due to the nature of the thing, it's up to labor to take the initiative. Some of the allied agricultural unions have started the ball rolling, CIO unions like the Packinghouse Workers, the Farm Equipment and the Cannery Workers. Occasionally, too occasionally, locals of the bigger internationals have tried to arouse solidarity on some specific issue, as a strike.

More is needed. Specifically, where the Farmers Union doesn't reach, literature must be directed to the farmers showing them how solidarity with labor will pay them.

•

OUR farmer resents any implication that he got rich out of the war or that he, his family and neighbors didn't work their pants off to produce the food needed for victory. Our untypical farmer realizes that neither did the laboring man become rich during the war. He wants to see all farmers so convinced, but he hasn't got legs enough to get around and talk to each one personally.

He reiterates that the workers are functionally organized miles ahead of the working farmers. This inequality is a drawback to powerful farmer-labor solidarity in opposition to fascism, war



Nicolai Cikovsky.

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and insecurity only insofar as organized labor permits the current situation to remain static. Our farmer recalls that the puissant prairie sod had to be busted wide open by the plows before it attained social productivity.

No prairies were busted open by inertia and lip service. It appalls our farmer visiting the Big Town to come into constant contact with such attitudes, even in the progressive trade union circles that should appreciate and act on such truths as have become axiomatic to him. He concludes that perhaps he has given labor credit for more vital wisdom than it possesses; he becomes a crusader for the unity he knows the current situation is begging for—he has gone to the length of writing a novel dramatizing the farmers' position.

The economic and political needs of labor and the farmers are as similar as two ears of corn growing on the same stalk. In any case where it benefits labor to scuttle a reactionary and elect a progressive candidate to local, state or national office it likewise is of benefit to the farmers. In all the steps up to and including independent political action on all levels the progressive forces are vitiating their own efforts by indifference and inaction in getting their message across to the farmers.

Our farmer has seen his neighbors read everything that comes their way with a care and thoroughness not accorded by the city people. For God's sake, he demands explosively, why must this reading matter be trash at best and elsewise vicious propaganda?

Proper utilization of the mails for honest, informative literature addressed to the farmers represents, he thinks, a powerful weapon for unity. Therein—in the tale—lies the big opportunity.

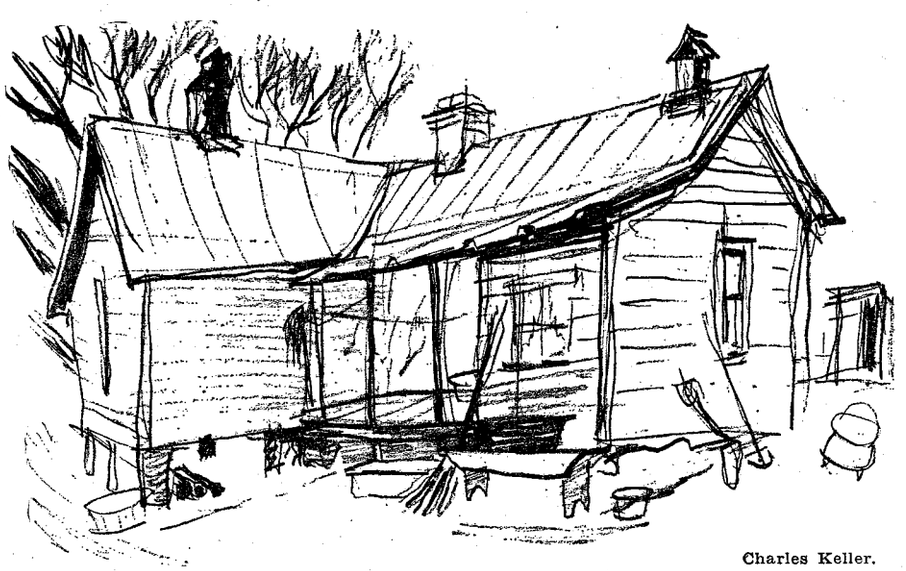
Out home on the prairies he hadn't heard of the opportunity for progress afforded by F.M. broadcasting. He thinks wistfully now of what a pearl of incalculable value an honest, progressive, labor-serving F.M. station, say in Kansas City, would be.

It exhilirates our farmer to think of the things that can be done. He hates to admit it, he's a loyal son of a gun, but he has a tradition for honesty and for clearthinking insofar as his environmental conditions permit. He hates to admit it, but his prairies have become political and economic desert, crying for irrigation. Supplied with even a trickle of the waters of truth and clarification, he is confident that his brethren who toil on the land will realize their importance and their obligation to themselves and their young.

Abe Lincoln and John Brown came from such as these. And the Populists and Mary Lease who waved the banner of independence and prosperity and won a legion of doughty supporters.

These leaders may be dead and buried, but the farmers of today have no whit less of their forthrightness or independence of spirit. The reactionary, labor-hating press, the farm papers and magazines, the radio—all have had and are enjoying a field day misleading labor's stoutest, greatest and most natural ally. Neither the farmers nor labor are primarily altruists nor can they afford to be today. But like it or not, recognize it or not—their lives and futures far from being antagonistic, are bound inextricably closer. Only the remorseless rust of apathy can destroy these bonds.

In the early days of our country, agriculture was the leading occupation and supplied the initiative and backing for social and political advance. Today industry's Seven League Boots have catapulted it to a position of primacy. Industry's people, the workers and the trade unions, must extend their fraternal hand to the farmer. His resourcefulness and power can mean the difference between success and failure, war or peace, prosperity or disaster. In fairness to him and to his laboring brethren he must not be left prey and tool of their mutual exploiters.



Charles Keller.

Double D for Germany

(*Continued from page 8*)

loose federation. The fact is, however, that Germany is one nation, not several. The federal system in Germany has historically been associated with feudal reaction and backwardness and every progressive German movement has stood for the country's unification.

I realize that what I have written bears no resemblance to the nightmares which Walter Lippmann has conjured up out of the Molotov statement. It is of course not true, as some have said, that Lippmann writes as if he were God. He writes as if he were merely chief adviser to God. And viewing the problem from the vantage point of a man—and a class—scared out of his—and its—skin by the spectacle of a great socialist, anti-imperialist power swinging its weight around, instead of being swung at, as was the case after World War I, Lippmann pours out his conjectures, suspicions and prejudices as "proof" of a reality that is non-existent.

But the American people need to see straight and think straight. Our national peace and welfare depend above all on working with Russia and with the forces of democracy everywhere, including Germany. The greatest menace to America today comes from those in and out of government who want to "get tough" with Russia, who want to use the power of American imperialism as a battering ram against the democratic movements in Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America. We have seen that at Paris, despite the efforts to paint the Soviet Union as unreasonable and obstructive, agreement was reached on a number of thorny issue. The biggest issue still remains—Germany. The American people can help determine whether this issue becomes a bridge to cooperation with the USSR or a widening chasm over which howl the winds of a new world catastrophe.

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review and comment

PROKOFIEV: SOCIALIST MUSICIAN

His return to the USSR gave him "not a newborn esthetic but the opportunity for growth."

By S. FINKELSTEIN

SERGEI PROKOFIEV, *by Israel Nestyev. Knopf.* $3.

THIS book's appeal to musicians will be great. It is a detailed study of one of the major composers of our time, and describes many works that are known here only by name. But it is also one of the few full-length critical studies of any kind by a Soviet critic available in English, and so affords an example in practice of the standards and methods of criticism in the Soviet Union.

A lack of any but fragmentary knowledge here of the cultural life of the Soviet Union has resulted in many widespread misconceptions. One, popular a decade ago, was that Soviet critics were engaged in hammering out a new "Soviet" art that would be a radical break from "bourgeois" art. The other, which has found wide currency lately among admirers of "pure art," is that Soviet art has become keyed down to a mass level, over-traditional and over-simplified.

This book provides clarity on both counts. The writer, far from despising "bourgeois" art, has obviously a deep understanding of and love for its great classics. He has high standards. A work of Prokofiev's that he criticizes most severely is one that on the surface would appear to be his most radically "Soviet" work, the ambitious cantata written in 1937 to the words of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. His criticism is that what emerges is not always good music. Similarly in opera, his admiration is great for *Semyon Kotko* and *War and Peace*, and his description of their many splendors make us feel that our opera repertoire is badly impoverished by not including them. But the operatic work he considers the most successful is the light comedy score set to Sheridan's *Duenna*.

On the other hand, the writer's attitude toward modernism should be digested by those who hold the mass-vulgarization picture of Soviet culture. "A passion for exploring new pastures, the enthusiasm of the experimenter, the avidity of the traveller, a constant striving to discover new musical fields, have been Prokofiev's outstanding traits since his student days in the conservatory. . . . It is not surprising that not all of his discoveries have withstood the test of time, that not all of them are comprehensible to the average concert-goer or suitable for further development. But . . . need it be pointed out that innovation and the restless search for new modes of expression are precisely the qualities that are most in keeping with the spirit of our times? Without them Soviet music could not advance. Even when experimentation is limited to the sphere of laboratory experimentation, it is far more valuable than placid unimaginative composition along the beaten track."

The book is a study of the progress of Prokofiev's musical life, and covers his entire output through his recent Fifth Symphony, Op. 100. The writing is learned but does not lean so heavily on technical matters as to confuse the lay reader. It strikes one of the best balances in this respect that can be found in the difficult field of writing about music. Of each work the writer asks the familiar questions: what are its technical accomplishments, and what did the composer set out to do? But he goes further and asks as well, what are its human values? What sort of experience does it add up to? What was the reaction of the audience and the critics? Why did the critics write as they did? What was the musical atmosphere of the time? And so the book becomes an illuminating picture of musical life first in pre-revolutionary Russia, then in Paris and the United States during the 1920's, and finally in the USSR of the thirties and war years.

The portrait that emerges is of an artist who started out in musical life as a declared enemy of tradition. What he desired, however, was not a break with the entire past, but a method of making music again a meaningful and exciting experience to his listeners. The whole early period of his life was a restless and unsatisfied search for such living contact with his listeners. He was attacked not only by the old Russian traditionalists, but by many modernists, who could not reconcile his human warmth and lustiness with their mystic and purist world. His work was not introvert enough for them. It had a dash of "vulgarity." It is of course precisely this "vulgarity," this forthright human emotion, that has made so many of these works last when most productions of the period are now dead and buried. One need only think of the immense appeal which the "Classical Symphony," the Third Piano Concerto, the First Violin Concerto, the Third Piano Sonata and the "Scythian Suite" still have today.

During the Paris period of the Twenties a struggle went on for Prokofiev's allegiance on the part of the expatriate Russians who were the leading force in the new French music, Diaghelev and Stravinsky. Prokofiev had the orchestral mastery, the harmonic boldness, the brilliant musical imagination, the sense of wit and grotesque that Diaghelev needed for his ballet. But he also had a quality of heart that both Diaghelev and Stravinsky felt was an intrusion in music. They encouraged him to write a "Soviet" ballet, but what they wanted was a picture of a soulless, mechanistic system, the "Age of Steel." Their human values were supplied solely mysticism. Their search for novelty involved no search for better means to reach and move people. When Prokofiev found that this environment could not give him what he was seeking, he returned to the USSR.

Back in his homeland, there was no sudden transformation of the composer

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into a new type of artist, nor were there any such demands made upon him. Rather there was the opportunity to renew contact with old friends, to examine the work of Soviet composers, to probe slowly new forms such as cinema, cantata and opera. Opera especially attracted him, for all of his life he had had a desire to write in this rich medium, but his efforts had met with discouragement. The intricate process of musical creation is evident in the fact that it took almost ten years for his great craft to assimilate itself to these new forms. And when the assimilation took place, what emerged was not a completely different and new art, but rather a flowering out of seeds that had existed in Prokofiev's art from the first. One can easily recognize the composer of the fine early works in such music as the "Alexander Nevsky" Cantata, the Fifth Symphony, the last three piano sonatas, to name the works that have appeared here. What his Soviet period gave him was not a new-born esthetic but the opportunities for growth; and upon this fact critics and artists everywhere, in every field, can well ponder.

For these are times when talent exists in a profusion that has been unequalled in the entire history of the world. Yet out of this talent has come mainly broken and unsatisfying achievement, unfulfilled promises. And the fault cannot be laid wholly to the inner makeup of the artist. It is as much, and even more, a weakness of our society which has failed to provide the opportunities for growth. Art is nourished by democratic freedom of expression. Its roots are in forms which bring it into living contact with people. What makes Prokofiev outstanding among composers of today is that of all those with promising talents, some with as much as he or more, he is one of the few who have grown. His career is in marked contrast to that of men like Stravinsky, who, for all his increasing brilliance, finds difficulty with all but the smallest forms.

This book was intended as nothing more than an analytic study of one of the great Soviet composers, for the benefit of Soviet musicians and audiences who might be puzzled by some of his advances in style. But because of the unique character of Prokofiev's growth, and the role of Soviet culture in this growth, the book raises questions both directly and by implication worthy of the deepest study by anyone interested in the health of the arts.

And All Its People One

EARTH COULD BE FAIR, *by Pierre van Paassen. Dial.* $3.75.

THE codified, official ideology of Christianity has been tailored from country to country and period to period to suit the society of the place and moment. Yet century after century there have been individuals, who, shocked at the discrepancies between the behavior of so-called Christian cultures and the humanitarian and revolutionary implications of the teachings of Jesus, have become strong fighters for liberty and economic justice. Among them in our own day we find Pierre van Paassen, journalist, veteran of two wars, who recently was ordained a minister in the Unitarian Church.

Earth Could Be Fair is chiefly Mr. van Paassen's account of how he came by his belief in people and the need for a more equitable arrangement of society than the one at present existing in Western Europe and the Americas. But in telling his own story, he makes it clear that his ideas do not emerge from a vacuum, that he is a product of his country and time. So, in explaining himself, he also explains the life of his native, unindustrialized Gorcum at the turn of the century and as it developed; the kind of schooling people got in those days; the floods and the town characters, and snatches of Dutch history that cast light on the fiercely determined democracy that exists in Holland today.

In some ways, it was a stuffy, snoopy, moralistic life that went on in Gorcum. But as things turned out, the community had its point, too. Gorcum disapproved of a bullying schoolboy, Toon Mussert. Yet this same Anton Mussert was shot this year for bullying carried to its extreme: he had been head of the Holland Nazis. The government might decorate Jonkheer van Rietvelt, a local squire, for his services in the East Indies, but Gorcum, repelled by the unequal "wars" he had fought, named him "The Cannibal." The town did not like the way the younger Zeger van Rietvelt treated his wife and his horses and his tenants, nor his determination to make money at all costs. And Zeger ended up as one of the chief collaborationist industrialists. On the other hand, the gentle David Dalmaden, the Jewish boy who felt different though everyone else accepted and liked him, died heroically in the Warsaw ghetto.

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During the occupation, crusty pillars of the community fed, sheltered and assisted the Underground, and respectable matrons entertained the Germans, while pumping them for all the information they were worth. A miscellany of citizens—from factory hands to doctors and preachers—blew up bridges, dynamited canals, murdered Germans and at last blew up their own historic Citadel to prevent the Germans booby-trapping the advancing Canadian army.

Mr. van Paassen makes his point that most people are good people by a series of stories that show all the skill of a novelist. Yet since he is not bound by the canons of fiction writing, he is free to leave his characters occasionally and set forth his ideas direct. And these interpolations, while adding nothing to the general knowledge of the between-wars and war years, are among the most eloquent in the book.

They constitute a strong appeal for unity and cooperation among men and among nations, for the end of a system of exploitation and for a chance for all people to develop the best that is in them.

If the book seems a little slow-going at times, it is nevertheless well-written and readable. And Pierre van Paassen reveals himself as a man to include among the men of good will.

SALLY ALFORD.

New Trumpet

TRUMPET TO THE WORLD, *by Mark Harris. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2.50.

MARK HARRIS, the twenty-two-year-old author of *Trumpet To The World*, writes: "I should like to spend my life writing on behalf of progressive causes." His novel is earnest proof of his sympathy for the Negro suffering under the lash of brutal injustice, discrimination and the myth of "white supremacy." But how strong a weapon this book will be in the struggle for equality and better understanding between Negro and white is another question.

Irene Goldberg.

Willie Jim, the central character, is a fatherless Georgia Negro who, at six, wanders away from his mother's shack and lives with another Negro family until he is twelve. Then to escape working in the fields, he goes to the big city—Athens—where he works for a Negro restaurant proprietor. There "he learns to steal, to lie, to be subservient—but always his eyes were to the North" as the book-jacket puts it. He grows large and handsome, learns to read a bit, and has a dispassionate sexual experience with a Negro girl from whom he frees himself as soon as he is able to learn no more from her. He saves his money (he steals from his employer, and no mention is made as to whether he ever receives wages) and at seventeen he starts hiking North, for "freedom."

In South Carolina Willie Jim picks up a ride from an exceptional Southern white girl, Eddie Mae, college educated and sympathetic toward Negroes. "In some of the books of the North she read of the mingling of the blood of Negro and white, and she was shocked, and she read it again and again, and knew it to be true, and later she read that biologically there was no law of God against it. Only man-made laws." She persuades Willie Jim that the North would bring disillusionment and invites him to stay at her house, where she will be his teacher. Eddie Mae falls in love with Willie Jim, becomes pregnant and goes North to have his child.

Willie Jim has by now written poetry, and he writes a novel. He buys a house in a white neighborhood, and his neighbors burn it down. He flees, collapses in flight, and when he is picked up and found unable to produce proper identification papers, he is drafted.

After taking basic combat training, he is given menial jobs, until, embittered, he goes AWOL. When he completes his prison sentence he rewrites his novel, teaches illiterate Negroes and whites to read and write, and, in his loneliness, has a casual affair with a Negro girl. On the eve of his long awaited furlough, he strikes a white officer who has hit him first, and makes his getaway in another car he has purchased, rejoining Eddie

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Mae and his child in New York. The story closes with plans being made for his defense.

It would have been possible within this framework to write an effective novel, provided the characters were convincingly drawn, their motivations made clear and acceptable, and sufficient details of their lives supplied. The author has not done this. We never know definitely where Eddie Mae and Willie Jim are getting their money, except when she sells her house and he his novel. We never accept her liberalism, derived from books, which too easily supersedes a lifetime spent in a prejudiced enviroment. We never know what sort of meetings they go to, what they do there, what publications they read, why or how their love grows, and how he develops into an impassioned writer. The avoidance of naming names, places, forces, publications, financial sources is so consistent that it can only be judged as intentional. Far from intruding, these facts would have served to clarify the relationships. Their absence creates a social vacuum in which skeleton characters move.

MACK ENNIUS

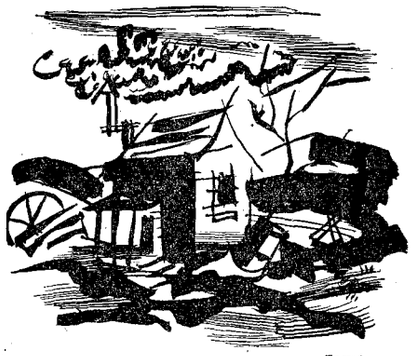
"Army of Love"

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN, *by Ruth Smith. Vanguard.* $2.

AESCHYLUS, in *Prometheus Bound,* tells of those "Who, firstly seeing, knew not what they saw,/And, hearing, did not hear; confusedly passed/ Their life-days." And Ruth Smith tells us that "most white people have no idea of what goes on—of what kind of country this is for Negroes."

She is right, of course. On the one hand, those who have made this land one of torment for the Negro control the means of mental, as well as physical, production, and so the truth is less easy to discover than are the ladled lies of our society. And, on the other hand, *ignorance is so convenient, so protecting.*

I remember a German woman coming to me, near Dusseldorf shortly after we had entered the area in April 1945, and asking permission to enter a certain building so that she might search for her dishes. She had nothing—home wrecked, parents dead, brother on the Eastern Front. How cruel we Americans were—how terrible our bombardments, and (tickling the cockles of my forward observer's heart) how fierce our artillery! Why?



Jamieson.

We had seen France and Belgium and some of Holland and the liberated ones of Germany and the concentration camps from Aachen to her home. We mentioned these things. We referred to the SS troops, to the Gestapo. Had she not known? The Gestapo? Ach, they were animals! But they did their work in the cellars. I never went into the cellars. I played my piano. That was my life—my piano. Now I have only my dishes. May I get my dishes?

Ruth Smith warns that "we are unperceptive and superficial; we are ignorant, harsh, bigoted and cruel." Coming out of Kansas, she had taught in a denominational school for Negroes in Alabama. There she had learned to love her charges, and to admire and respect their parents. And she had seen racism from its most subtle and insidious distinctions to the blatant bestiality of the Ku Klux Klan. In this personal testament, passionate with conviction, she pleads for this evil to be destroyed by an "army of love."

One must admire her humanity, but lament her naivete. The question is not simply one of feelings and ideas—of being "bigoted and cruel"—but of *why* these feelings and ideas exist, their material roots, and the *function* they perform in buttressing our mode of social organization.

She fears hatred, feeling it inevitably corrodes. It need not be so. The question is who hates whom, and why? Was the Gestapo to be handled by an "army of love"? Was the Klan mob that attacked her school amenable to moral suasion and devoted discourse? No, they were not, and the class which brings them into being and supports them is not, either.

Hatred for this class and for their instruments of corruption and death is not corroding. It is cleansing and invigorating. Without it, one has the "vague general 'brotherhood' talk" properly scorned by the author. With

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it one may gain the courage necessary not only to understand the world, but to help change it.

We must go into the cellars of the "animals." Otherwise, the few among us who remain will be wandering about seeking useless dishes.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Dominican Tyrant

BLOOD IN THE STREETS, *by Albert C. Hicks, with an Introduction by Quentin Reynolds. Creative Age.* $2.75.

WRITTEN by an American newspaperman who was employed for a time on the now defunct *World-Journal* of San Juan, Puerto Rico, this well-intentioned effort has as its subtitle "The Life and Rule of Trujillo," and purports to be a biographical expose of that tyrant of the Dominican Republic. Unfortunately, the relatively narrow scope of the book's content, as well as the frequently lurid presentation of the material, tend to make Mr. Hicks' attack on Dictator Trujillo more a one-dimensional purple tract than either a full-grown biography or a thorough expose.

Even as a tract, however, the work has serious gaps. Chief among these are Mr. Hicks' failure: (1) to introduce important background material showing the evolution of democratic thought and processes in the Dominican Republic prior to the military coup staged by Rafael Trujillo in 1930; (2) to show the sponsorship and support given Trujillo not only by the brass-hats of our Navy and Marine Corps but by our State Department, through such sinister reactionaries as Avra Warren and Henry Norweb, and by organized groups of American big business; (3) to outline the social, political and economic reforms for the Dominican Republic which are being put forward by Trujillo's opponents in the Underground at home as well as among the exile groups in Cuba and other countries; and (4) to throw any real light on Trujillo's intervention in the domestic affairs of the adjoining republic of Haiti, although a good deal of convincing evidence to this effect is available.

Instead, the story of Trujillo's rise to power over the bloody remains of all who have dared to challenge the omnipotence of the self-proclaimed "Benefactor" is told by Mr. Hicks as a series of sordid intrigues, plots and counterplots, betrayals and assassinations, climaxed by the mass-murder of 15,000 Haitian men, women and children in 1937. The reason for this butchery, which Quentin Reynolds was one of the first to report, is not made sufficiently clear. Nor is the complicity of members of the Vincent regime, who later became key supporters of the recently ousted Lescot dictatorship in Haiti, adequately shown.

It is too bad that Mr. Hicks, in his angry tirade against this particular Caribbean dictator, has not taken time to tell us more about the Dominican Republic, especially about its people, their ways of life and what they think and feel, since these are an important part of the explanation for Trujillo's rise as well as for his eventual downfall.

Commendable as Mr. Hicks' intentions may be, there is little in his present tirade that has not already been written by the Dominican exile, Luis F. Mejia, in his *De Lilis a Trujillo*, which was published in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1944. The latter book, on the other hand, contains a great deal of information about Trujillo and his streamlined, feudal dictatorship which will not be found in Mr. Hicks' report. Perhaps what is most needed for the time being, in lieu of a thoroughgoing expose of the Trujillo tyranny, is an English translation of the Mejia book.

DALE CHALMERS.

Overture to Retreat

WHAT WAY MY JOURNEY LIES, *by Frank Fenton. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $2.50.

JOHN NORMAN returns from war with leg wounds that don't bother him much and with a disgust for war that does. *What Way My Journey Lies* is the story of his search for a way out of confusion and misery.

He begins by thinking things over alone, on a quiet beach in California, but a sudden urge sends him to the city. On his first day in town he meets a problem others share—how to find a place to live. He lets it be solved for him by an angry and helpful young Marine, while he sits smiling at a bar, listening to some disjointed talk about unemployment and politics. The Marine finds him a room in a boarding house. For John Norman this is the end of the problem and the end of protest.

Somewhere in the book he recalls a battle experience—"you felt the multiplicity of effort; you felt the sense of over-all companionship with thousands of men, turning them from strangers

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to friends close and beloved in that vast danger, as the man breathing hard beside you ceased to be a stranger and became instantly a friend. Yes, if men had the feel of each other in waging life as they have the feel of each other in waging death and war, then, yes, great things could be." Here, unhappily, the overture to companionship ends. And the end is hard to take because the author does part of his job so well. His language is fluent and often beautiful, he writes good dialogue, he has a talent for recording what he calls "small observances." But because he doesn't find a relationship between all his observances he arranges them in ready-made patterns—separate little people with very separate endings. And even with an apparently honest effort to explain them, and with the detail he's managed to add to each, his people seem strange to the reader, as all stereotypes do—familiar but not quite real.

There's Carol, the successful slick, who is hurt because people die and because she doesn't understand the reason for their dying, and "if I can't understand it, then not enough others ever will." She lives expensively and writes "the things that never tell the truth" and feels sorry for herself all the while.

There's Ray Bowen, a familiar young man in fiction. He has three red hairs on his chest and a lot of unruly hairs on top of his head. He knows there's a lot wrong with the world; there's also everything in the world wrong with Bowen and nobody loves him. That's why—hi, ho—he wants to be a Red.

One of the dimmer characters, somewhere late in the book, suggests that Bowen and Norman aren't so different after all, and I think the author wants you to believe that if John Norman hadn't already glimpsed a better end for himself he'd have been tempted to go with Bowen—"go where the system screws the human being the most and the best. Oil fields, cotton fields, textile mills, steel and coal—wherever a guy has no chance. . . . I want to find it all out. . . . Then I'm going to be a Communist. I'm going to be a Red that knows what the hell is going on and how it works and what it means—"

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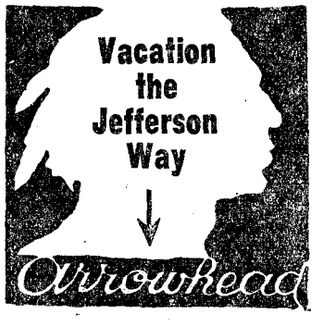

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man, and for a book that so nearly touches understanding.

HELEN LEONARD.

United They Win

TRENDS IN COLLECTIVE BARGAINING: A Summary of Recent Experience, *by S. T. Williamson and Herbert Harris. Twentieth Century Fund.* $2.

THOSE who remember pre-CIO days when organized labor could muster only about 3,000,000 members will find this new Twentieth Century Fund study of recent trends an exciting record.

The war years saw an upward surge in union membership and in the numbers working under some form of union contract. By V-J day, when this study was finished, about 50,000 employer-union agreements were in existence. Some 14,300,000 workers employed in 1945 were covered by all types of agreements, and the number of union members roughly corresponds with the number working under some form of union agreement. Some union members are not covered by contracts. "At the same time," the Fund's study points out, "collective bargaining agreements cover several million additional workers, since benefits achieved by the union accrue to the unorganized as well."

Remarkable as union progress has been in the past decade, less than one-third of the total working force in the United States is as yet organized. Almost untouched by unionism are over 3,000,000 agricultural laborers, domestic workers, and the majority of "white-collar" workers. Of the nearly 6,000,000 employed in wholesale and retail merchandising, about four percent are covered by collective bargaining pacts. Among the 5,000,000 in government service and the 2,000,000 in public utilities (with the exception of railroad and other transportation workers) unionism has made only nominal inroads.

These stubborn facts are recognized by the Twentieth Century Fund's labor committee in their conclusions and recommendations included in the volume. The two labor representatives on the committee, Robert J. Watt of the AFL and Clinton S. Golden of the United Steelworkers-CIO, register their dissent, however, from some of the committee's proposals. They object to the idea that government tribunals should be established "to enforce fair union practices," and that "all union

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finances be under law opened to public scrutiny." Many of the committee's recommendations criticize trade union methods and advise the unions how to manage their affairs.

However, the book is a useful summary of developments in employer-union relations. It assumes that collective bargaining "as an instrument of public and industrial policy" is here to stay.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

American in China

MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA, *by John B. Powell. Macmillan.* $3.50.

JOHN B. POWELL'S book is a reveal-document. It tells what the author saw in China, what he was told and how he thought and felt about it. In some instances—the story of the hold-up of the Blue Express is one—the narrative has the freshness and bite of first-hand experience. In others, such as the story of the Shanghai massacre of 1927 and the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek in Sian in 1936, the reporter's political ignorance and his willingness to become a mouthpiece for the forces wrecking China's revolution are very evident. These stories throw some unusual sidelights on Kuomintang apologetics and Western hypocrisy. Powell repeats Kuomintang propaganda when he sayes that Chiang Kai-shek's "trip to the northwest (in 1927) for a conference with Chang Hsueh-liang and other officials in that area was made in an effort to consolidate the situation there in the face of the coming clash with the Japanese." Several pages later he lets the cat out of the bag and reveals that the Generalissimo "intended to dismiss the young Marshal (Chiang Hsueh-liang) as commander of the anti-Communist headquarters in Sian and to replace him with another—who would continue opposition to the Reds." Since the Reds had already declared war on Japan and Chang Hsueh-liang was insisting that the Generalissimo drop his civil war and fight Japan, this seems an odd way to "consolidate the situation" against the Japanese.

The story of the massacre of the Shanghai workers by Chiang Kai-shek's gangster henchmen in 1927 is even more revealing. This story has already been told in Malraux's *Man's Fate* and elsewhere. Malraux showed the involvement of French capitalists. Powell pulls the curtain aside and shows the Anglo-Americans sitting in

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the same back room. Among the casualties was the Chinese labor movement, which had been organized in the 1920's.

But Powell neglects to mention two significant facts in connection with this tragic blood bath, in which the representatives of the West allied themselves with gangsters against the Shanghai workers. One is that the Communists had made no move to seize the British- and American-controlled International Settlement or the French Concession. The other is that it was the Communists, under the leadership of Chou En-lai, entering the city in disguise, who brought about the collapse of the northern warlord government and the evacuation of its troops. Chou at that time was a high-ranking officer of the Kuomintang-Communist coalition which made the Nationalist Revolution of the middle Twenties possible, and he was also dean of the Whampoa Military Academy, which trained Chiang Kai-shek's officer corps. It was this sort of infiltration and organization of the people which won all the provinces south of the Yangtze river for Chiang.

Powell's comment on the Shanghai massacre shows clearly that his political sympathies were not with the Shanghai workers. Nevertheless he has blurted out some of the facts of this unsavory story. It is interesting that in all his twenty-five years in China he seems to have learned not one word of written or spoken Chinese. Powell seems to have learned as little of the country outside the limits of the foreign concessions and the big coastal cities as he learned of its speech.

The one time he ventured into the interior of China was when he was kidnapped in the Blue Express hold-up. His comments on that experience indicate that he found Chinese common people and their ideas a very dark forest. Recently he has made statements to the press which also indicate that he has not learned very much since then. He is allied with those forces which are doing their best to convince America that what China really needs is not peace but another "bandit extermination campaign" directed at the Communists and the democratic parties—all the groups which are trying to make it possible for the Chinese people to collect some of Chiang Kai-shek's promissory notes on democracy.

EDWARD BLUNT.

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